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VOL. XLV.—No. 1159.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1919.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



H.M. THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS ILEANA.

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BACKBONE FOR RURAL ENGLAND

Lord ERNLE'S discourse to the Taunton farmers on Saturday contained a telling analysis of the situation, but suggested nothing to relieve it. He described the two horns of a dilemma on which farmers are placed. They may put their backs into work and risk money in the hope of making more or, discouraged by the continuous and increased demand made upon them by labour, they may resolve to cut down their expenses to the minimum and be content to make only a little if they risk nothing. But in that way lies ruin. The war has opened the gates of anarchy which, unless we take care, will sweep like a flood over the whole world. This is only too true, but the public does not always react to exhortation even when it is barbed with truth. The difficulties before the country form an opportunity for real statesmanship. They are not greater than had to be faced after the Napoleonic wars, when for many years the spirit of revolution which had descended on France hovered over Great Britain. The way out for our leaders is not by talking but by action.

There are several proposals before the country which, if carried out, would ameliorate the situation. One is the long promised Land Bill for the settlement of ex-Service men on the land. Why is it not produced? A well considered measure for this purpose would have the effect of forming a backbone to the country in the shape of a class of men who would have no incentive for striking and who would learn what it is to live from the direct proceeds of their own labour, not out of wages, but out of profits. Wherever small-holders have been planted they have increased the stability of the country.

Here, then, is something that can be done in opposition to the lawlessness which has swept over Europe and is threatening our own island. The urgency of the case is undeniable. Yet from day to day and from week to week the production of the Bill is delayed. Is it any wonder that the man in the street concludes that there cannot be agreement about the measure? But if that is so, then the promoters of the Bill have only one honourable course open to them. It is to produce it in Parliament, give their reasons for advocating basic changes in our landed system, and then, if the proposal is not accepted, make way to give their critics a chance of producing a better. This would regularise the position, and until some such step is taken it is quite impossible to say to what extent popular support would be given to drastic action. The likelihood is that a strong measure would be welcomed, and those who are opposing any radical change are not really doing any good to themselves or to their class. They are like Pharaoh of old, hardening their hearts and challenging the struggle which they would like to avoid.

Another matter is that those engaged in farming are unsettled, and they have reason to be so. During the years of war they came, more or less, under Government control, and were assured of a return for their labour. It was on this understanding that they willingly conceded the right of the labourer to a minimum wage. But looking the facts in the face to-day they are aware that the demands of the worker have far exceeded the original concession, and show no signs of being moderated. The expenses of farming in the coming year cannot be even approximately estimated. Nor can the returns from the crops. The farmer has had many a sharp lesson, and is concerned lest another should await him in the immediate future, that is to say, he cannot gauge the prospects as to prices. On the one hand his expenses are going up; on the other, his income is doubtful. He looks to the Government, and especially to the Board of Agriculture, to resolve this nebulous outlook into definite outline. It seems to him unfair that he should be compelled to give a minimum wage to his servants unless he is guaranteed a minimum price for himself. The President of the Board of Agriculture understands that as well as anybody in Great Britain. But in public, at least, he absolutely refuses to face the situation. The farmer naturally thinks that a question of this kind must have been discussed over and over again in the Ministry. He can conceive of no reason for withholding a definite statement except that there is disagreement. We do not say that he is right or that he is wrong. But the politicians who are deliberating in the dark ought to bring the matter to light. Here again the President cannot avoid the responsibility of the position. It is for him to say definitely and clearly what he thinks is the right thing for the Government to do. The matter is purely agricultural and should be dealt with by the President of the Board of Agriculture. Moreover, he must do it, not in any tentative and hesitating way, but with the resolution stand or fall by his opinion.

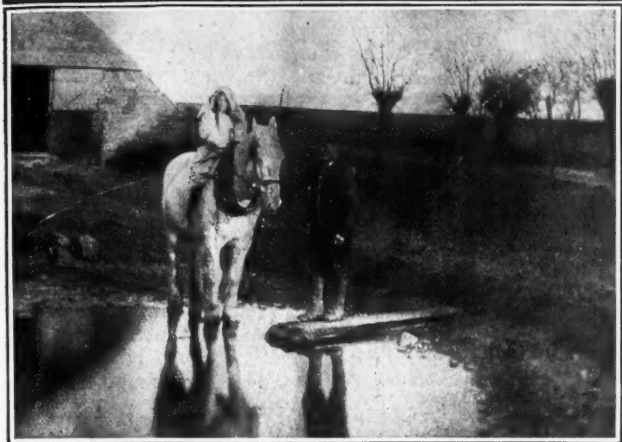
There is still another matter on which a clear pronouncement is much needed and that is the question of rural transport. No doubt this matter will come up in the discussions over the Ways and Communications Bill. But that is a long, complicated measure the fate of which will not be decided for many a day, whereas improved rural transport is an immediate need. If it were established it is unthinkable that any Minister would interfere as long as the system was going well. A scheme of transport in rural districts should ante-date the passing of any measure of land reform or of small holdings because it would alter the value of a great deal of land. That which was partially neglected because of its remoteness from market and lack of the means of getting there cheaply would be purchased for intensive cultivation if the establishment of an adequate system of transport were guaranteed by responsible Ministers. This is something that would go far to stabilise the agrarian situation. It is, indeed, a necessary preliminary to land settlement.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of the Queen of Rumania with her youngest daughter, Princess Ileana. Her Majesty, whose marriage to King Ferdinand, then Crown Prince, of Rumania took place in 1893, is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



SIR ERIC GEDDES, in presenting the Bill of Ways and Communications to the House of Commons, showed himself what he is, a master of railway science. He disclosed a fine vision of the transport of the future—railways under a unified management, driven by electricity, fed by light railways and motor vehicles, all forming a gigantic machine which will be a vast improvement on our present complicated system. He also indicated the withdrawal of the objectionable Minutes in Council which threatened to give autocratic power to the Minister of Transport, and he made a slight—and, we are bound to say, unsatisfactory—concession in declaring that the roads would have their separate department, the head of which would have free access to the Minister. This does not guard against the danger that the railway interest might overshadow that of the highway. The main objection to the scheme is that it attempts too much. The country is in urgent need of improved transport to help in the various reconstruction plans to which he referred. But a measure of this dimension could not produce the desired results within a short space of time; and time, in this case, is of the essence of the contract. Sir Eric Geddes would be certain to gain more support if he attacked his problem piece by piece, doing what is essential in the first instance and holding the remainder of the scheme, as it were, in the back of his head as an ideal to be worked up to step by step. Where he most greatly failed to gain sympathy was in his statement that the railways are at the present moment losing twenty million pounds a year.

AT the Leyton Election one of the most persistent cries was that the war addition to the cost of railway tickets should be taken off at once. The people are evidently set on cheap travelling. Obviously nothing of the kind is possible as long as this gigantic loss goes on. Further, the House of Commons had a right to a fuller explanation. How is it that the railway companies met their expenses before the war and paid dividends to their shareholders, whereas during its continuance, in spite of an inordinate amount of travelling at a higher rate and the stoppage of expenditure in regard to the building of rolling stock and the general upkeep of the lines, the concerns were run at a loss, in spite of the unified control extemporised to meet the exigencies of the case? We are not saying that the result may not be capable of satisfactory explanation, but that explanation is much needed if support is to be given for what is practically a continuance of the war policy on improved lines. Sir Eric Geddes drew freely on his experiences of the war, but it is generally believed that what was achieved then was done regardless of expense. The object then was to defeat the enemy. A new element comes in now. It is of making transport not only abundant, but self-supporting as regards the owners, whether nationalisation takes place or not, and cheap as regards the users. For example, the profits of market gardening and farming are not so large in normal times that the cultivator can afford to use expensive means of getting his produce to market.

IT cannot be too well recognised that the ultimate success of any plan on a large scale for settling soldiers on the land must depend on improved transport. At present such

land as is suitable for intensive cultivation is being put to its best use if situated within easy reach of a market. It would be fatuous in view of the abiding necessity of increasing production to dispossess the skilled cultivator in order to place on the land one who presumably is not so efficient. But there is plenty of suitable land which hitherto has not been utilised for market gardening or other forms of intensive cultivation simply because it happens to be ill placed for getting the goods to market. If, however, a system of transport, whether by light railways or motor lorries, whether by going direct to the town or feeding a railway with direct communication, could be established, it is obvious that a great deal of land could at once be used for such settlements as are meditated. The most lucrative form of cultivation is unquestionably that of growing choice and fresh vegetables. But they constitute a form of produce which deteriorate with every delay between cutting and bringing to tables. If we take London as an example—and what applies to London would apply equally to Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle and the other great provincial towns—there are many thousands of acres within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles which would yield the very crops desired if a plan were worked out by which the produce could be despatched speedily. There is plenty of time to do this. Nothing is more absurd than the idea very commonly held among those who have not thought over it, that land can, as it were, be acquired and turned into small holdings by a stroke of the pen. These little occupations must be made suitable for their purpose. Housing accommodation must be provided, in many cases drains and many new fences and outhouses will have to be constructed; and doing all that will occupy several months at the lowest computation. Thus time will be given to elaborate a suitable system of transport if the matter be taken up determinedly and at once.

A FALLEN LEAF.

A fallen leaf so exquisitely fair
Fluttered upon the light wind to my feet
It seemed a living creature of the air,
A butterfly with life and joy replete.

Nay, lift it not, but leave it where it falls!
Death and the worm already mark their prey.
Follow Life only, howso softly calls
Fair-spoken Death and sweet-looking decay!

F. W. BOURDILLON.

THE most important point to bear in mind in regard to the need of preparing a scheme of rural transport immediately is the economy that would be effected in the purchase of land. A buyer naturally considers before concluding his bargain the facilities for selling his produce, if he spends capital in developing the productive capacity of the soil. During the last year, according to authoritative returns made, vast quantities of land changed hands at from £15 to £20 an acre, in spite of all the competition that is going on. Not the whole of this land was of inferior quality. It very often happens that the low price is due to distance from a railway station and the entire absence of other means of transport. A grower would have to work on a colossal scale before making profit if he had to take his goods to market in his own vehicles. But as soon as a system is established from which all the neighbourhood can benefit, then the business is easy and the land at once advances in value. If a system of transport were prepared for immediate application it would be safe to buy the good land affected by it. This means, in practice, that an estate remote from a station, which at the present moment would not fetch more than say £20 an acre, would easily go up to double that price, and on such a large area as is required for a colony of ex-service men the saving would be considerable. Say that two thousand acres were purchased and the transport system produced an increase of value to the extent of £20 an acre, there would be a saving of £20,000, which would go a very long way towards the formation and equipment of the holdings.

WE have read with much satisfaction the official announcement about what the Government intends to do in connection with the supply of bricks and other building materials in this country. It was common knowledge that the responsible authorities had ear-marked a tremendous amount of material for the housing schemes which, very properly, are to have the first claim on the output from brick-yards and other sources of production, and in view of this fact there was a distinct sense of uneasiness and apprehension

with regard to what amount of material might be available for private building purposes. Very welcome, therefore, is the Government statement, just issued, that nothing is going to be done that will jeopardise the architectural profession and the building industry. Orders have been placed with brickmakers throughout the country for about eight hundred million bricks, but this quantity does not exhaust the total capacity of the yards, and in cases where the whole output has been bought officially, it is yet permissible for supplies to be granted for unofficial purposes. And the same remark applies to other building materials: applications in every case having to be made to the Director of Building Materials Supply, Caxton House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1. There is, as we know very well from architects, a vast amount of work ready on paper, and it would have been nothing less than a national misfortune if Government control had meant that nobody could get building materials except for an officially approved housing scheme. The announcement now made disposes of an anxious thought that must have been in the minds of many.

THE potato difficulty which has been troubling farmers for some time now resolves itself into a clear issue. It arose in this way. Last year every possible influence was used to induce the farmers to plant potatoes on available ground, the Government promising them a minimum price. At that time the Food Control planned to use any surplus potatoes in bread making, and the position was thought to be perfectly secure. It happened that the crop was comparatively good, and when the Armistice was signed, food began gradually to come into the country, and the loaf, instead of being partially made up of potato flour, was put back practically to pre-war conditions. In consequence the supply of potatoes proved very much beyond the demand, especially as the industrious allotment-holders had grown more than was expected. The farmer found himself faced with the position that he was guaranteed a minimum price, but had no market. A further complication was due to the excessively rainy winter which caused disease in the clamps. There has been a very considerable wastage owing to this cause. Thus the two problems to be dealt with are, first, the cost of this wastage and, secondly, the disposal of the surplus potatoes.

NOW, in regard to the first of these difficulties the Government has acknowledged its liability to make good the wastage. This will involve an elaborate examination of the clamps, as each individual case will have to be settled on its merits. But that cannot be avoided. The second trouble, as to the disposal of the overplus, ought not to be difficult to overcome. Mr. Roberts, the Food Controller, has just come back from Paris with his mind much impressed with the certainty that Central Europe is in serious danger of a famine. At any rate the scarcity of food is now universally admitted. In that case the destination of the potatoes not required for use at home defines itself clearly. Fortunately the arrangement for feeding Germany has been completed. The merchant fleet of that nation has been surrendered for the purpose of carrying food, and preparations are on foot for at once transporting large quantities to feed the poorer population.

THE famous potato growing firm of Messrs. W. Dennis and Sons, according to a speech delivered at Kirton, have adopted a very simple, and we hope satisfactory, method of admitting the labourer to a share in the profits of farming. The speaker avowedly took as his model the old understanding which Lord Beaconsfield described as that of the "three rents" by means of which a third of the profits goes to the owner, a third to the farmer and a third to the workers. But that refers to net profit. Each will have a return corresponding to what he puts in. The landowner will get five and a half per cent. on his capital. The farmer will get six per cent. on his capital and the labourer his normal wages. At the end of the year the profits will be divided by allowing a third of them to each. The difference between that scheme and one described in our pages a few weeks ago relates to the tenant farmer. He not only has to invest his capital, which according to the old system meant £10 an acre and may mean double that now, but on him also devolves the responsibility of management for which he may very possibly claim a salary. Without the management of the farmer the work of the labourer would be vain. But perhaps this does not arise in the case of the Dennis estate which, we understand, they both own and occupy. In that case the terms proposed are generous and the effect of the experiment will be very closely watched.

THE retirement of Sir John Cowans from the post of Quartermaster-General into civilian business life has been accompanied by a chorus of congratulations. Undoubtedly they are well deserved. Throughout the four and a half years of the war, and even in the most distant theatres of war, the British soldier has been wonderfully well clothed, well equipped and, which particularly appeals to him, well fed. We have heard it said that even so gigantic a task is reasonably easy of accomplishment when money is, by comparison with a private business enterprise, no object; but this is hardly a fair statement of the case. Possibly stores flowed too unrestrictedly at one time, and the salvage schemes, which undoubtedly saved a great deal of money, might have been started earlier. Perhaps the amount of bully beef consumed by the inhabitants of France or Italy or Macedonia showed that the rations were, if anything, on too liberal a scale. If the Quartermaster-General's department erred at all, it was unquestionably on the side of lavishness; but this was to err on the right side. The task was a tremendous one, and it was of paramount importance to the soldier's spirit and efficiency that he should not go wanting. The fact that Sir John Cowans is taking up a very important position in a big civilian business goes to show that business men, though they may at times have said some hard things of it, do, nevertheless, appreciate the staff work of the Army on the "Q" side.

AN interesting personality has passed away in the person of Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Perhaps, to most people, the most astonishing fact in his biography is that he was born so late as 1853. He had a genius for retaining reminiscences and, added to a tenacious memory of all that had happened in his own life, he had imbibed from infancy the traditions of the great family to which he belonged, so that the impression created by a reading of his innumerable books of memoir and anecdote was that he must be preternaturally old. Indeed he took a kind of delight in that pose. It was well for that frequently evoked being, the future historian, that he did so, because he has described in his books thousands of traits and stories of the great men of his day which could only have come from an observant eye-witness. They are of the things that escape the ordinary eye. But Russell, in addition to his other mental gifts, was a born journalist who could be pleasant and entertaining to the very last.

FLOOD WATER.

For six full days the heavy clouds have cast
Their watery largesse on the winter earth;
And winds have shouted with gigantic mirth.
Now, though the frenzy of the storm is past,
And there is calm and silence once again,
The passion of the tempest and the rain
Has wrought the valley into a mimic sea;
Man's honest work is havocked by the flood,
The sweet grasslands are fouled with sullen mud;
And evil lurks beneath tranquillity.

GUY RAWLENCE.

THE other morning a small schoolboy, discovered in the act of disantailing—if that is the proper term—a number of rats, explained to a passer-by with glee that somebody in the neighbouring village, he forgot whether he was the local surveyor or the police constable, gave a reward of twopence each for them. If, however, there is anything in the suggestion made by Mr. Parker, the veterinary inspector to the Newcastle Corporation, the skin of a rat should in future be worth more than its tail. At a conference of local authorities Mr. Parker produced a cured skin of a drowned rat and informed his audience that fifty or a hundred such skins would be at least equal to musquash, and musquash is a kind of a rat. As a lining, he said, "rat skins would be superior to linings found in some forty-guinea coats." A furrier had been approached, and said the only real difficulty was the lack of a regular supply. Considering the vast multiplication of rats during the war, it should be very easy to cure this defect; and, if it were cured, that would be the absolutely one and perfect way of exterminating the most destructive pest of the farmyard. The matter is surely one for the Board of Agriculture to take up. Let them demonstrate that the skin of the rat has a value even distantly approaching that set on it by Mr. Parker, and the problem of getting the country rid of rats will have made more advance than it could have made by all the traps and terriers, ferrets, poisons and contraptions that the inexhaustible ingenuity of man has yet devised.

HOW TO PROMOTE MORE INTENSIVE CULTIVATION

IF the Prime Minister's policy of increasing production is to be carried out on the land, the Board of Agriculture ought to marshal its experts for the purpose of drawing up a sound practical paper on the practical means of intensive cultivation. What is to be gained by it is plain. Early in the year Mr. Robins delivered a lecture to the Farmers' Club in which he set forth by means of example the possibilities attending the use of more intensive methods in the raising of garden crops. One of the examples he quoted was that of a farm described at a meeting of the Chamber of Horticulture by Dr. Keeble. In 1881 it was one hundred and fifty acres in extent and the work was done by three men and a boy, with extra labour at harvest. In other words, it gave very nearly the average employment through England, where the average size of a holding is just over sixty-five acres and the average number of men employed on it 2.9. The form of cultivation was changed into fruit and flower growing, and in two years the number of employees rose from three men and a boy to from twenty to twenty-five men and eighty to a hundred women, while at the same time the wages were increased by twenty-five per cent. at a time when they were not increasing at all in the rest of the country. Since then the holding has been rather more than doubled. It consists of three hundred and ten acres, and keeps in regular employment ninety men in the winter and a hundred and ten men in the spring and summer; fifty women in the winter and two hundred women in the summer. In 1913 the total wages paid amounted to £7,891 and in 1918 they had risen to £10,600, that is, over £34 per acre. The example is cited in order to show that more intensive cultivation will have the effect of drawing a larger population to the land and of supplying them with a better livelihood. It also gives increased returns to the employer. Obviously, if some system of the kind could be applied to farm crops, most of the problems in regard to land settlement would be solved and a means found of vastly increasing the real wealth of the country. Such a prospect is not unrealisable. It was accomplished in Belgium after 1831 and, though not to such a large extent, in Germany before the war. On the Continent the deciding factor was the growing of beet for sugar making. One can realise how important was the industry by glancing at the factories, now, alas, smashed to ruin in the devastated districts of France and Belgium. The effect of the cultivation of sugar beet was coming to be well understood in Great Britain before the war and several promising schemes were drawn up for its establishment. But this form of private enterprise received a severe check, in spite of the fact that the possibility of a sugar famine loomed in front of England from the very opening stage of the war. It was not only to produce sugar that beet growing was advocated, but as a form of cultivation which is bound to result in a vast improvement of the soil. It involves the two great requisites to that end—deep ploughing and heavy manuring. In consequence of these the ground is left with an admirable tilth, and the depth which gives a better run to the roots of any succeeding crop is also conducive to drainage. Deeply ploughed land has a natural capacity for getting rid of moisture. The present time is exceptionally opportune for making a push in furtherance of this crop. The chief difficulty lies in the start. A considerable outlay is necessary, because it is impossible to get the land into the requisite condition in one year, and, besides, factories to be profitable must be built close to the crop so that delivery of the roots may be easy and cheap. It was also an excellent idea, carried out on the Continent, to induce the growers to become shareholders in the factory. They thus ensure a double return, namely, the price for the roots and a share in the profits. But it would have been difficult to nurse the English industry into a position enabling it to compete with the Continent in normal times. To-day the situation is entirely changed, and it would be quite possible for the farmers of Great Britain to establish beet growing as one of their main industries during the period of reconstruction abroad. Here the Board of Agriculture might, if its energies were properly directed, be of very great service to the country. In a preliminary way some of the earliest objections have been removed. It is known that sugar beet can be grown here as well as in any other part of the world. But there are some who maintain that in our climate the percentage of the sugar in it decreases. That is one matter which the Board of Agriculture might settle

authoritatively. If they agreed with the objection, then no more is to be said; but if, on the contrary, they find it will not hold, then there is an overpowering case for immediately setting to work in order to get this crop, new to England, on a firm foundation. There are other objections of a political nature which it is unnecessary to go into just now. They could easily be disposed of, as there is no doubt whatever about the immense advantages that would result from a system of not only growing the beet, but manufacturing our own sugar. A few farmers and landowners are producing certain quantities of the root at the present moment, and it should be impressed on the farmer that there is really no risk about the crop. Even before factories are ready to receive it they could get into the way of cultivating it without loss by remembering that it makes excellent cattle food and it is a crop involving no waste. A subsidiary reason for advocating it is that where colonies of small-holders are established it would be something for them to grow from which they could rely on a speedy cash return. But, as has been said, it is up to the Board of Agriculture to take the matter in hand and get a start made.

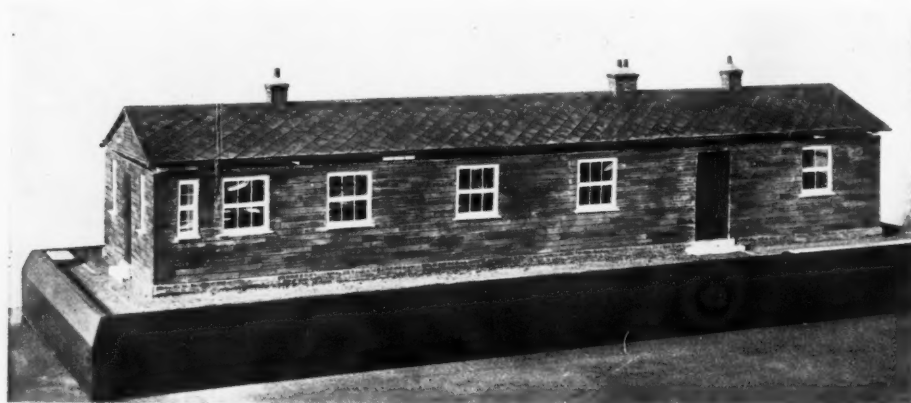
Next to deep cultivation increase of production depends mainly upon a supply of manure. If sufficient could be made available, the returns would swell automatically. But there are in the way difficulties which should be neither minimised nor exaggerated. Our addition to the area of arable land has made a greater call than ever upon what, after all, is the sheet-anchor of the farmer—farmyard manure. To some extent, however, the situation could be ameliorated by educating the farmers in the treatment of the dung heap. During the last few years, thanks to the investigations of Dr. Russell and others, the methods of making and conserving it are more widely known; but, still, anybody who knows the country at the present moment cannot fail to have noticed great heaps or mounds of manure that during the snow and frost were deposited outside the homestead, and without consolidation, far less cover, were left to suffer daily loss through the action of the incessant rains and the atmosphere. The black liquid which is the best part of it may be seen flowing away into ponds and ditches.

It is common enough nowadays to complain that the town supplies of manure have been seriously diminished owing to the substitution of mechanical for animal traction. This, of course, is true to a degree, but there is a great deal of waste as well. A London coal dealer who owns a considerable farm about five-and-twenty miles from the capital has had to give away his town manure. He would like six or seven tons of it for his own land, but he finds it almost impossible to get town labourers who would consent to handle it. They refuse what they consider dirty work, and he made the entire supply over to a dealer in manure, who had it for nothing on condition that he took it away at regular intervals. Now, cases of this kind are by no means rare, and they could be obviated by improved transport. A very great service would be performed if an arrangement could be made whereby a certain proportion of the motor lorries and wagons thrown idle by the ceasing of hostilities could be utilised for carrying manure to the farms and gardens within a certain radius of London. It would be needful to work out the distance at which this could be done profitably. But that should not be a very difficult task. Country buyers of town manure have, in one way or another, to pay very heavily for it. It is not only that the initial cost has gone up from the four shillings a ton which it used to be a few years ago to seven and sixpence or even ten shillings a ton, but it has to be forked into carts at the station and carried to the farm. In some cases, at any rate, the manure has to be carted to the metropolitan station and shovelled into the truck. At its destination it has to be transferred again from the truck to a farm cart, which seldom can take a ton in these days when horses have not yet recovered from their long rationing. But the motor lorry could be loaded at the stable and unloaded at the farm, so that the ultimate charge would be for the complete job instead of the three operations which have to be performed at present. Unless the journey were a long one, the process ought to cause the Government no loss. At any rate, the suggestion is worth consideration, and, if there is anything in the argument, it should be acted upon with all promptitude, as the season has now begun in which the English farmers do the greater part of their manuring.

CONVERTED HUTS FOR SOLDIER SETTLEMENTS

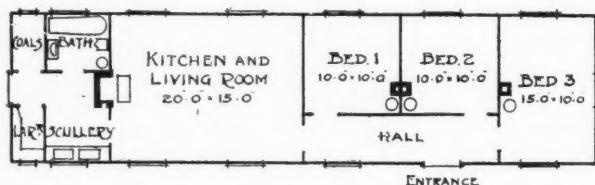
IT is universally admitted that, although the settlement of ex-service men on the land is a national duty on no account to be shirked, there could not be a less favourable opportunity for doing so on an economic basis than the present. That is principally because of the scarcity and cost of materials and the high rates of wages, to say nothing of the enhanced value of the land itself. With the utmost

how three huts might be grouped together and converted into buildings for small holdings. With regard to the proposed use of these huts as dwelling-houses, we think all who have slept in them under war conditions will agree that they can be made very comfortable indeed. They are warm in winter and cool and fresh in summer, the wooden huts in this respect being very different from those of Nissen type, in which the roof and wall consist entirely of corrugated iron sheets. And if the point of fire-risk be raised, the answer might well be given that this in reality would be a negligible factor. There is no suggestion that these huts should be huddled together. They are expected to be set on clear sites, and even assuming that a fire occurred in one of them, it would be quite easy for people to escape, by way of door or window, from what is merely a bungalow. In the suggested plans, it will be noted, the combined kitchen and living-room has a floor area of no less than 20ft. by 15ft., and each scheme includes at least one good-sized bedroom. The first scheme has special merit in the arrangement of its bedrooms, all three of which are separately entered from



A model to scale of the ordinary military hut.

economy at Holbeach it has not been found possible to let the holdings at less than five pounds an acre. This would constitute a serious handicap to the soldier starting on a new enterprise. Even with such training as can be given him he must at the beginning be inexperienced and therefore unable to make the most out of his little holding. The house constitutes an additional charge which on any sound scheme would be met by additional rent. If, therefore, means can be found for tiding over this difficulty, even if it be only for a period of years, a great step forward will have been taken towards the settlement of soldiers on the land. On that account, very great interest attaches to the Government scheme for adapting military huts to the new needs. There are, it is said, quite five hundred thousand huts available, so that the re-use of these in the manner indicated would mean a very large fresh housing accommodation. The Department which has this matter in hand is the Hut Section of the Surplus Government Property Disposal Board, 6, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. We are able now to reproduce five plans which have been worked out by Mr. E. Vincent Harris, the honorary architect to the Department, and in conjunction with them we show two photographs, an exterior and interior respectively, of a model of a hut transformed into a house for the prospective ex-soldier tenant. The huts are of a generous size, 60ft. in length by 15ft. in width, and from the plans it will be seen that the remodelling of them provides some very ample rooms. The first scheme shows an arrangement with hall, kitchen and living room, scullery, bathroom and three bedrooms; the second scheme a similar arrangement, but with four bedrooms; while the remaining plans indicate



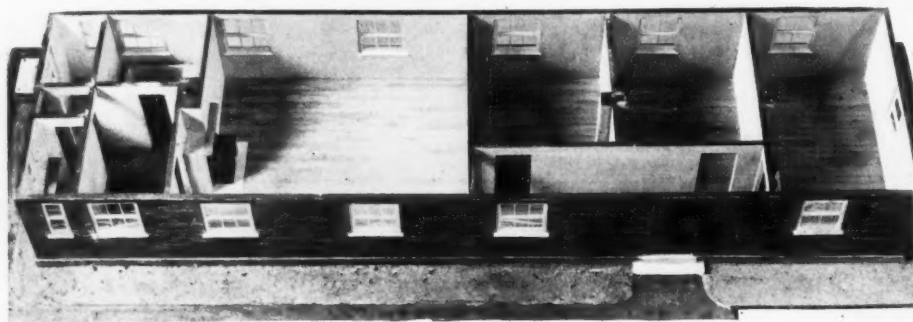
** PLAN **



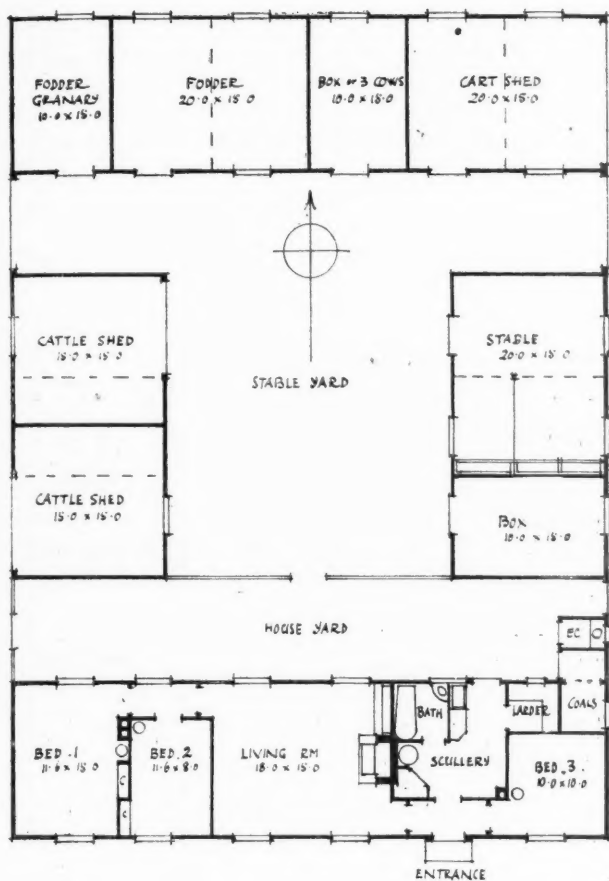
Plans which provide for 3 and 4 bedrooms.

the hall. This is a particularly desirable feature in housing plans, as it has long been recognised that such an arrangement is far better than any

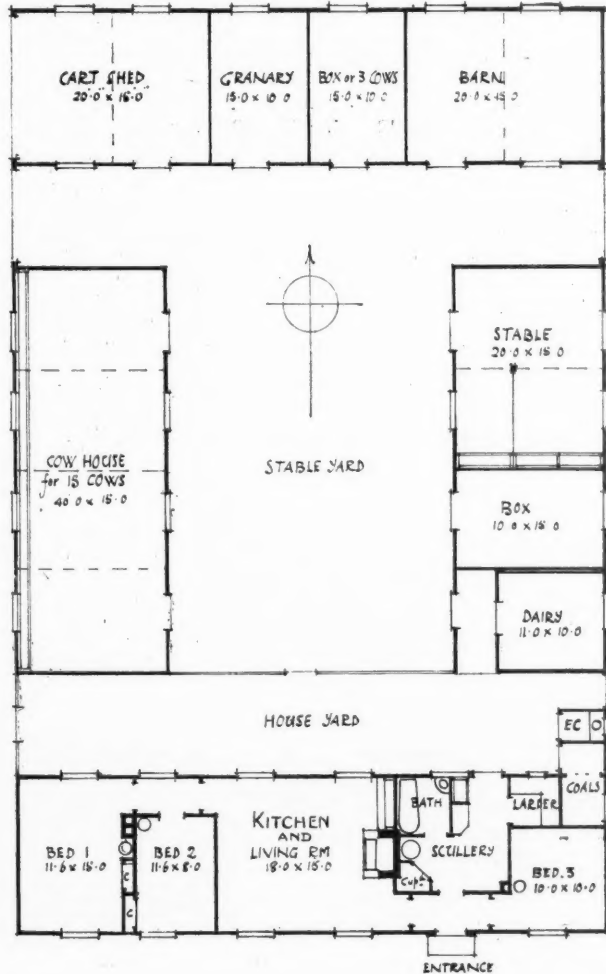
where bedrooms open into one another. The walls of the remodelled huts, it is proposed, shall be lined with half-inch plaster slabs, boarding, or other suitable material and the partitions would be, presumably, of plaster slabs also. There would be a range in the kitchen-living-room, standing free, and a brick flue would be built here, and also in connection with the bedrooms, which latter would be heated by stoves; though we hardly see the necessity for the brickwork in view of the fact that stoves with iron flue-pipes were universally



The interior of the hut partitioned to meet the requirements of the returned soldier's home.



Three standard huts (60ft. by 15ft.) converted into buildings for a 20 to 30 acre arable holding.

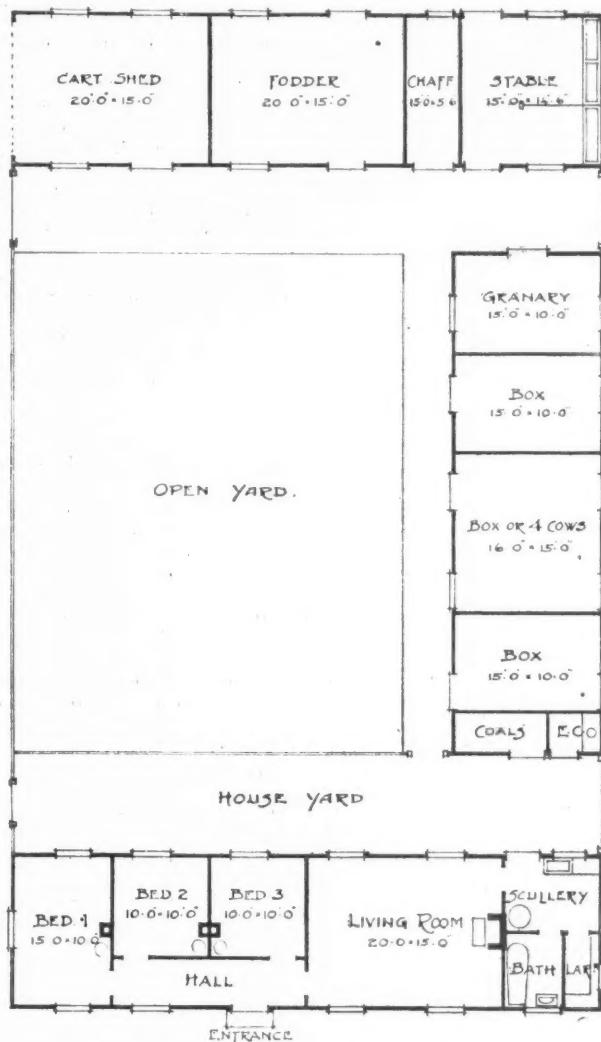


Standard huts converted into buildings for dairy holding of 30 to 40 acres.

employed when the huts were being used for military purposes.

It is stated that, in order to show what can be done, a number of huts, altered as suggested, are to be erected in various towns throughout the country—London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Bristol, Swansea, Cardiff, Leeds, Sheffield, Hull, Exeter, Derby, Bath, Nottingham, Plymouth, Southampton, Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen—and readers throughout the kingdom will thus have the opportunity of making a personal examination of the remodelled structures. Meanwhile the accompanying illustrations will serve to point out the possibilities which these military hutments offer.

As will be realised at once from what has been said, the huts can be adapted, not only to the purposes of a bungalow dwelling, but also to supply the small-holder's need of stabling for his horse, if he has one, cow sheds, cart sheds and the other outbuildings necessary for the protection of his implements and live stock. In the plans shown it will be seen



Three standard huts converted into buildings for a 50 acre small-holding.

that all the requirements of one who goes in for mixed farming are met. The wants of the man who specialises in the various forms of *la petite culture* will be simpler. If, for instance, a man grows fruit he need only have a store room, and the tendency at the moment, even on the best fruit farms, is to spend comparatively little on it. But these are all points of detail. The main purpose now is to show the general scheme.

We have not been able to obtain any exact figure as to the cost of acquiring, transporting and transforming the huts, but certainly the total should be far less than building entire at present rates of labour and materials; while, as regards weathering and durability, we see no reason why the remodelled huts should not last well for a generation or two. Are there not, indeed, the thousands upon thousands of weather-boarded cottages up and down the country—many of them dating from a hundred years ago—to testify to the lasting quality of such construction?



LETTERS OF A BUMBOAT WOMAN.—II

IN "the execution of her duties" the official bumboat and her crew learnt to realise life at sea in small ships pretty vividly. No one who has not experienced it can realise the discomfort and strain during bad weather—even without taking into consideration the thousand and one extra joys of seafaring in war-time.

The crew of *Catapult*, at least, saw the ships at work, and to an infinitesimal extent could realise "the pleasures of life" at sea in winter from personal experience. In the early months of war first and second-class destroyers were scarce, when compared with the amount of work to be done, and were of necessity reserved for the most important areas, while the Auxiliary Navy had not yet arrived. Therefore for patrol and escort work "Rotten Row" and the scrap heap were picked over for anything that could carry a gun and float. The latter qualification was sometimes in doubt. In fact, I have met a T.B.D. whose skin was so delicate that she had serious trouble with her outer bunkers, owing to the injudicious use of an iron shovel which went clean through. However, on her next trip she was thoughtfully provided with wooden shovels and the situation was saved. A destroyer or torpedo-boat that has been afloat twenty years is very, very old, and in ordinary circumstances about as much work could be expected of her as of a horse of twenty-five. But many of "Catapult's Flotilla" had passed their majority, and both they and many among their crews had never thought to go to sea again. Yet, for months—autumn and winter months at that—until new destroyers could be commissioned and so enable river-class boats and other types to help, gallant old crocks like *Boxer*, *Angler*, *Ranger* and *Conflict* carried on practically alone and almost continuously—some have gone to most honourable graves.

I have heard patrol and escort work in bad weather described as "very like standing in a swing boat all night in the pitch dark, under a continual cold shower bath in a severe draught." Besides this cheery feeling you have no lights yourself, and the pleasant knowledge that the Channel is full of other people also without lights, and also barging about in the dark at anything from twelve to twenty knots. Of course you may meet Fritz at any moment, which is stimulating; but, on the other hand, the chances are that an agitated merchantman may take you for Fritz and blaze away at you accordingly—and mines are not stimulating, but simply nasty.

When Fritz really got into his stride mine-laying, ships occasionally went up within sight of the anchorage. We were alongside a destroyer the first time this happened: there was

a dull boom—the sort one soon learnt to know, but always hated—I looked up quickly and a couple of miles out saw a thick cushion of smoke lying over the sea where a three-masted steamer had been. Within a few minutes the "stand by" destroyers were tearing out towards the smoke, and several other ships near had out their boats and were pulling towards it. When the smoke lifted there was no more ship—she sank in about three minutes—but the crew was picked up safe. For a few minutes everyone watched; then someone said in a matter-of-fact voice: "How much did you say them kippers was, missy?" and we returned to matters of real importance.

The speed with which crews learnt to abandon ship when necessary became absolutely miraculous and sometimes led to odd mistakes. For instance, one night an escort boat dropped a couple of depth charges over a Fritz: the concussion shook up the nearest ships of the convoy so thoroughly that one Dutchman thought he had been torpedoed and abandoned ship. They waited for a bit for her to sink, and, eventually, as she did not, came to the conclusion she was not hit after all and went back, feeling a trifle foolish.

About the same date the "O" lightship was much annoyed by a drifting mine which got hung up on her cable and drifted

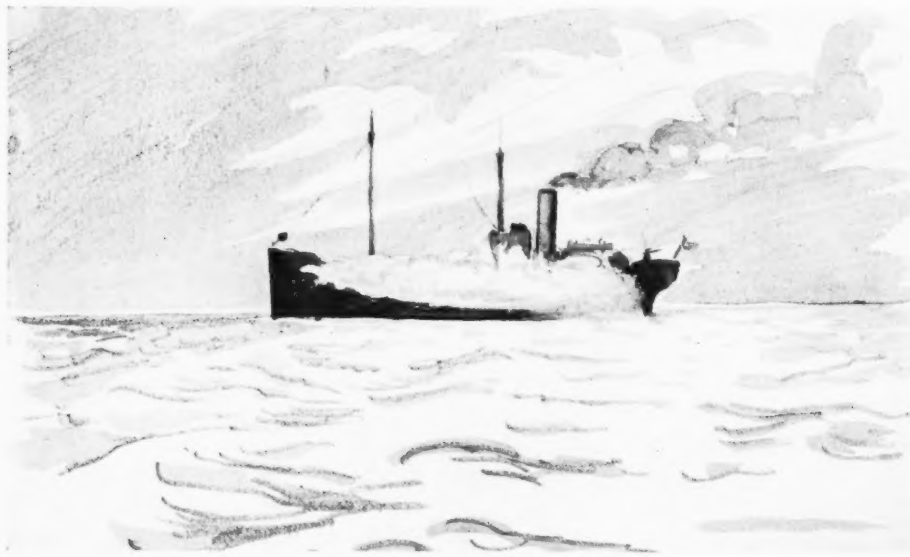


TRAWLER'S BOAT.

aft under the stern, where it disturbed the night's rest of her crew by bumping gently under the counter. They could not clear it, so decided to spend the rest of the night in their boat: which they did until a passing trawler came to the rescue.

We were often out at the anchorage when the night patrol or escorting boats came in for their brief spells off, and went alongside with the morning papers immediately they anchored. The general impression after a winter night is of incredible wet, cold, and weariness—from the wardroom carpet to the galley fire. Officers and men with dripping lanmies, eyes red, and eyelashes gummed together with salt, and an odd whitey-yellow patch about the cheek bones that we soon learnt to recognise as one of the signs of a particularly vile night, and the whole ship smelling as only a wet destroyer can smell.

In describing the ships we fed, I seem to have forgotten to explain how *Catapult* herself was run. Authority stipulated that her cargo was to be "sold" as in an ordinary canteen, and not given away. But nothing was mentioned about birthdays; and we argued that there must be lots of birthdays among a ship's company, and even if we did not always know whose it was, it really did not matter—so birthdays became quite an institution, and ranged from a sack of cabbages to "corn cure" and "Elliman's Embrocation." We started with newspapers, cigarettes, milk, fruit, and vegetables, but ended by becoming a kind of universal stores. I have a list beside me of everything we have taken out. It is very various and



OUTWARD BOUND.

made out in alphabetical order. For instance, "C" begins like this: "Cakes, cats, candles, cauliflowers, corn cure, cockatoo, cabbages," and many more equally mixed items. Against "cockatoo" is the following note: "Left on board Examination Yacht for T. B. D. Conflict—bit doctor and steward, returned by boarding launch—took out direct to Conflict following day." I do not remember how Conflict fared; anyway, she asked for him; he was a birthday from a kindly lady ashore.

I think our proudest effort was the bagpipes. There was a piper aboard one of the divisions of drifters which came to the anchorage during the first winter; most of

these were Scotch, and "Wusky Angus" (which I regret to say was the name the gentleman went by) was particularly Scotch, and lost without his pipes—he had lent his own to a brother who had gone with Lovat's Scouts. It took some time getting them, as he was particular, and we were not connoisseurs in the pipes. However, we got them eventually. I think they were a sort of birthday to Angus from the bumboat and some ardent Scotsmen of the Flotilla. He pronounced them highly satisfactory, and I have a very vivid picture in my mind of a large and boney Scotsman strutting up and down the deck of a small and grimy drifter, tripping over her wire hawsers and tackle in his sea-boots, while he discoursed eerie music to the cold, grey sea, and several pairs of appreciative drifters anchored within earshot.

In the fore part of the boat under cover we kept a store of woollies as birthdays for any specially chilly looking mortals we came across. Some of these were knitted by our long-suffering friends and relations, whom we worried for them unmercifully, and also came from the Navy League and Mine Sweepers' Fund, who discovered *Catapult* during the first winter of war and sent us complete outfits of woollies for distribution to all trawlers of our divisions, and other things to be given out at our discretion. All of these were immensely appreciated ("very acceptable" is the term used) by us, as much, I think, as the men who wore them. If you see a boy on the deck of a submarine, standing on one leg like a stork, while he pours the water out of a sea boot that an unfeeling wave has just filled up, it is most satisfactory to dive into the fore part of the boat and produce a lovely pair of sea-boot stockings for him. I do hope all the people who have made these during and before the war realise what an immense comfort they are. If properly long and thick they not only keep one's feet warm, but fill up the top of the boot and prevent the sea from slopping down to one's feet.

Besides woollies, both Navy League and Mine Sweepers' Fund sent us books. Occasionally these struck us as an odd selection, but almost all found readers; the literary taste of sailormen is very various, particularly among the auxiliaries. I know a leading hand on a sweeper who for relaxation reads Burke's "Revolution" and Kant's "Metaphysics"; but what made us feel really helpless was the Scotsman who demanded "releigious works." Much as we loved him, we were convinced that he would scorn anything of the sort that we provided.

The boats—trawlers especially—were greedy for books, and we kept a most unbusiness-like lending library aboard *Catapult*, mixed up with the woollies in the bow. They were generally handed up to the ship's bookworm—there is usually one aboard each ship—and Uncle or the crew would say: "Give them back some time, or if you don't see us, pass them on to another ship." The library had a way of dwindling; ships were sent away, and alas! "went up," and our books with them. When we

got down to the last half dozen a raid was made on the superfluous "sevenpennies" and magazines of our friends and relations. They did not always consider them superfluous when we did, but somehow the books generally ended aboard *Catapult*. "Steal in measure, quoth Harry our King. There's measure in all things made"; and I think the crew of *Catapult* would most certainly have stolen if they could not have got "things" for the boats without.

The engineers were most often the book men. I remember one little white-faced man with tangled black hair and weird eyes—I never knew his name—he was always "Chief" and I never remember seeing him smile. He was very Scotch and a fine engineer with an imagination, but three years mine-sweeping had strung his nerves up to dangerously

near breaking point. As *Catapult* came alongside the trawler the little Chief would appear from his engine room and drawl, "Gude mairrrr-ing; ony books?" I would hand up half-a-dozen. The Chief sat on the gunwale and slowly selected three or four. Often he'd know all of them; but like a true book lover, those he liked he read again and again. Selection made, he would say, "Thank ye verra much," and retire to his engines again, hugging them. The only time I ever remember the little Chief saying anything more was the day his trawler was ordered away for work on the French coast (which they hated). He said slowly, as I handed him a last armful of books for keeps: "I shall miss the books. If it hadna been for *Catapult* and the books these years I think I should have gone clean crazy."

We never saw him again.

One thing which we suffered from, and I fear did not suffer gladly, was the habit some well meaning people had of filling books sent us through the Sweepers' Fund or Navy League with fearsome tracts. To us it seemed unnecessary, not to say tactless, to remind a man who has been mine-sweeping for years that "death is ever near," and a little ungrateful to point out that he is a miserable sinner, and that



the real commander of H.M.T. "Tallapo"

A SHIP'S PET.



BUMBOAT COMING ALONGSIDE.



A LEADING HAND.



A FIREMAN.



ON H.M.T. "C. DIXON."



THE PURPLE YELLOW AND BLUE PART OF A BORDER FOR JULY.

to give place to summer plants, the garden cannot have the permanent things of large foliage upon which so much of its good effect depends. These are such as the large-growing *Veratrum*, with its handsome, pleated leaves; *Myrrhis*, Solomon's Seal, and others of smaller growth, such as *Heuchera* and *Purple Sage*. There are also a number of the plants that must be replaced in early summer, and tulips, to be taken up in June and replanted in November. What may be called the ground-work plants—*Heuchera*, *Ajuga*, *Asarum* and *Purple Sage*—are of great value. A border may be brilliant with bright-coloured flowers alone; but if it is to be a picture, it wants some of its brightness to be relieved by something quiet, in good harmony, but comparatively neutral. Blood red wallflower and red and orange tulips have twice their value when rising from a setting of the reddish *Satin-leaf* (*Heuchera Richardsonii*), and flowers of purple and pink are made more beautiful by the nearness of the ruddy grey-purple of the sage.

The general colour arrangement—beginning on the right—of palest yellow with white and blue, the blue giving way to pale purple and pink, followed by deeper purple and red-brown, with orange and strong reds as the left-hand end is reached.

Flower borders arranged for June will have flag-leaved irises, pæonies of the albiflora kinds, China roses and lupines, both of the perennial and tree classes; the flowers latest to bloom being some of the earlier delphiniums. The plan, being a section of a flower border only, cannot include all the available material; it only shows the more important. But among the groups shown, a useful and little known plant, *Peltaria alliacea*, is included. It is one of the Crucifers, about 18 in. high, with wide corymbs of cream or white bloom. It may well be used even more freely than is shown on the plan—always with good effect. It is easily raised from seed. The *Purple Sage*, advised for the earlier borders, will also be useful here, and may be planted more largely with advantage. There are so many of the beautiful forms of flag-leaved iris and of the June-flowering pæonies that a much larger length of border, or of double borders, will be wanted; or, indeed, a whole garden may be made with them without there being any sense of monotony or undue repetition. By judiciously ringing the changes, and by having in mind

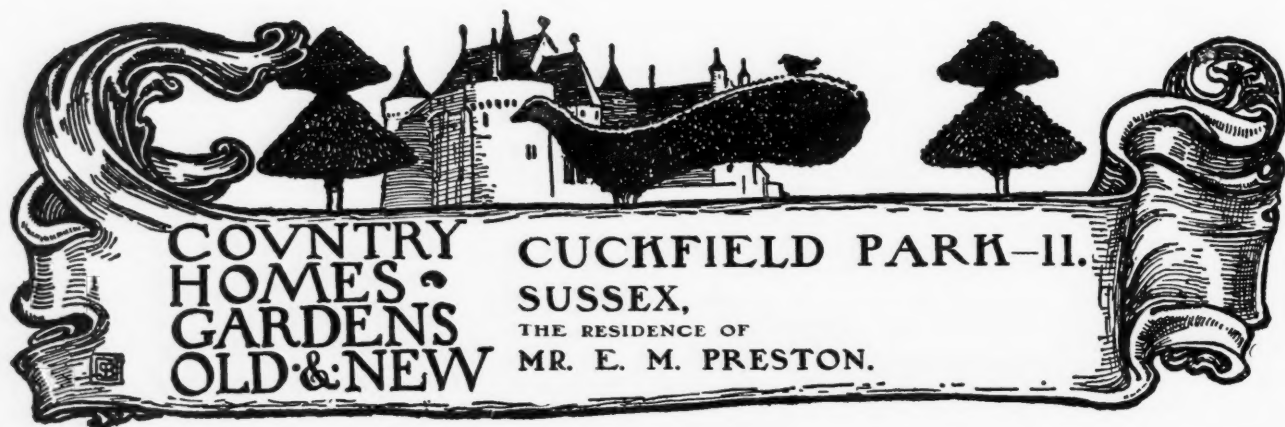
one general colour harmony at a time, the plants will fall into delightful pictures. In one part there would be a preponderance of yellow and white; in another of pink and white; then of pink, white and lavender; then of light and dark purples, and so on, each living picture preparing the eye for the fuller enjoyment of the one that is to follow.

The next plan shows an arrangement for a section of a flower border for July. *Salvia Sclarea* is the old garden clary, a rather large branching biennial, 4 ft. high. It bears a quantity of bloom of a pale bluish colour, with large reddish mauve bracts; the mixture of tints forming a very charming effect of cloudy, soft colouring. It is apt to deteriorate, both flowers and bracts becoming paler; it is therefore well to note good coloured plants and to secure seed from these alone. Those who wish to grow this good plant should be on their guard, because in some of the seed lists the name clary is wrongly given to another plant, *Salvia Horniminum*. It should be made clear that *Salvia Sclarea* is the one required.

Of the remaining plants shown on the plan, the only others that call for special remark are *Isatis glauca* and the crested tansy. The *Isatis* has rather wide, glaucous leaves and large, loose racemes of bright yellow flowers, with a delightfully soft, refined effect, probably caused by the individual blooms being small, so that there is some play of light and shade between them. The stems are 2 ft. to 3 ft. high and rather weak, so that they require careful support. Next to it on the plan is a front group of crested tansy, whose splendid richness of green sets off the yellow bloom of the *Isatis*. It is all the better if they are more definitely grouped together and partly intergrouped. But it should be noted that the tansy requires careful control. In common with the type it is a plant of strong growth, and, though the variety with the richly crested foliage is not so rank and tall a grower, yet it is too tall for the front edge of the flower border. Early in June the shoots that would develop bloom are cut about two-thirds down, and as the plant will persist in trying to make blooming shoots, they should be watched and pinched, so as to keep the mass of beautiful greenery to the height of a foot or 15 ins.



A JULY BORDER.

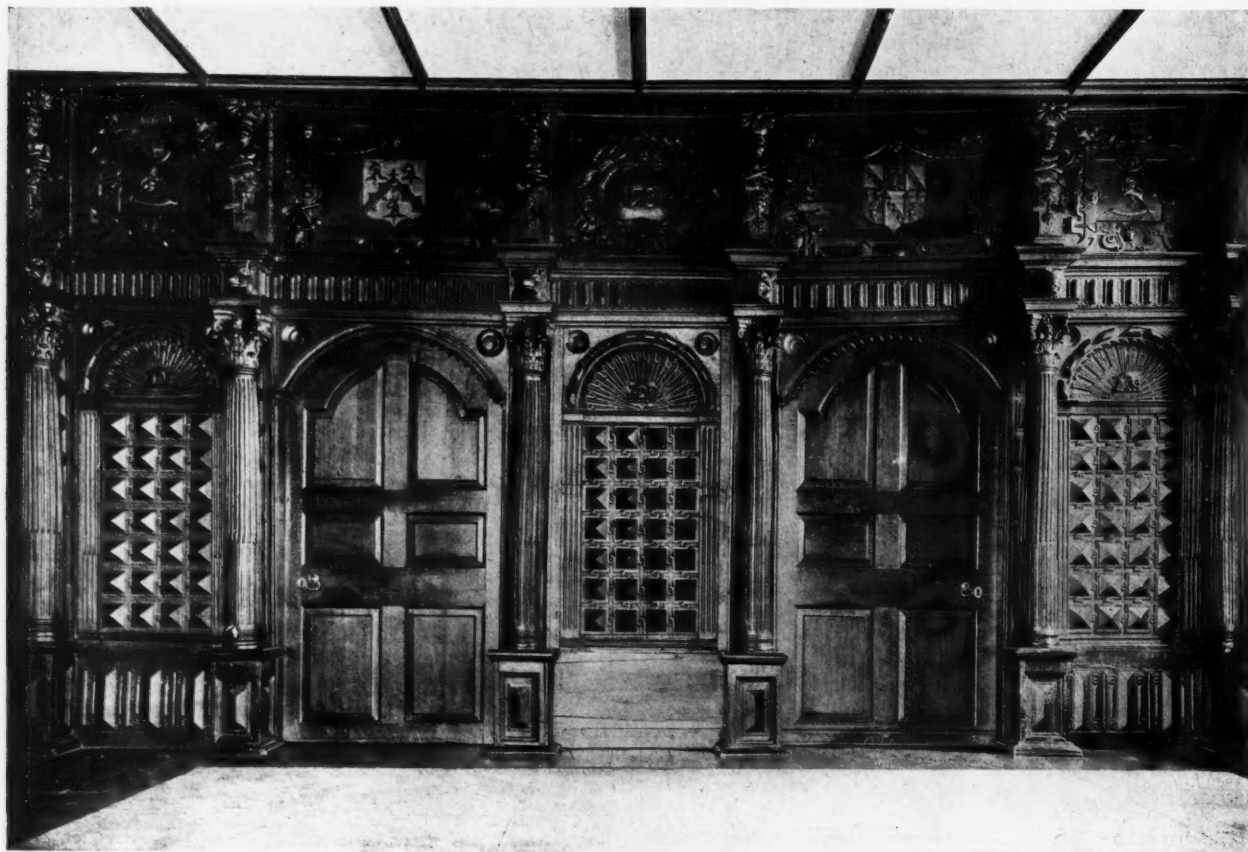


HENRY BOWYER'S will, proved in 1589, contains many interesting references to Cuckfield house and its furniture. He says: "I commend my soul into the hands and tuition of my heavenly Father . . . to be placed with His saints in His Kingdom . . . concerning my corruptible and sinful flesh . . . I commit the burial to the discretion of my executors, over which I will have no manner of pomp and glory which I leave till I ryse again at the last day. Above all things I charge my son that he faithfully serve God, and reverently embrace the Gospel of Christ. . . . Whereas I joined my son Henry purchaser with me in these landes wherein I have builded my new dwelling house and in divers other landes in Cuckfield being parcell of the manor of Cuckfield, notwithstanding in consideration of other landes, leases, ironworks and woodes which I give unto my said son; My Will is that as long as Elizabeth my wife shall continue widow she shall dwell (because I know that she will be a great staye to my son) in this my dwelling house in Cuckfield parke, and there to have two fitt chambers, one with a chimnie, and the other adjoining to it without a chimnie, *i.e.*, the new wainscoat chamber in the stone building, and also a lodging convenient for one man-servant in the lodge: item she shall have the bed of down in the chamber she now lieth in with pillows, coverlets and blanketts: and meat and drink at convenient times for herself and two maides, and pasturage for a horse: I give her my baye ambling nagge which I bought of my brother Simon, and my black young

mare, and sixteen payres of sheets, 8 towells and 8 dozen of napkins, all her jewells and apparell, a cup of silver I had of Mr. Haterye, a spoon of silver guilt my uncle Robert gave at the birth of my son Francis, 6 other spoons, and her little silver sault, 2 brass potts of 10 and 6 gallons, 2 mammetts [*i.e.*, figures—probably fire-dogs] of iron, a mortar, a chafyn dishe, and oven all of iron, my best needlework chayre: and £40 a year . . ."

The remainder of the will details his bequests to various relatives, such as "to my son Henry 4 angells for a ringe, and 2 to his wife, and £10 to his son at his marriage," to his servant, and "for repairing the high ways about Cuckfield Towne £10," "to the poore of Cuckfield £10," etc., etc.

The widow Elizabeth Bowyer, for whose provision he was so thoughtful, survived him a dozen years, and his only surviving son Henry (Thomas and Francis, the two elder, having died some years before) died childless on May 23rd, 1606. In his will, which was made only two days before his death, he follows his father in making good provision for his widow. First of all he leaves £100 "towards the reliefe of such godly poore ministers," whose names he has made known to his wife, to be distributed at her discretion. Then "To Fromabove Henlye"—note the Puritan name—"my nephew £50 . . ." "Unto everyone of my sister Goringe's children a goulde ringe of the value of 20s., and to the youngest"—here is a very pleasing touch—"little Tom in view of his prettie jests wherewith he did often recreate my mind £10 . . ." One pictures the childless uncle



doting upon his sister's children. He proceeds: "I make my kind and loving wife Lady Dorethye my sole executrix and give her full power to take fell, cutte, corde, sell away and dispose to her most profit all the woods and trees growing on the manor of Wolbarrowe, and the lands called Tinsley and Oldlands during the terme of 3 years nexte ensuing towards the payment of my debts and legacies . . ."

brought to Cuckfield on his second marriage. Sir John died in 1631, and the Lady Dorothy in 1640, and the estates passed then to Sir Thomas Hendley, a nephew of Henry Bowyer, her first husband.

There are a pretty phrase or two in Lady Dorothy's epitaph on the fine marble tomb in Isfield Church: "She was a merite beyond most of her time: for her purse was open



Copyright.

DETAIL OF SCREEN.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

The Lady Dorothy remarried within two years of Henry Bowyer's death, viz., in 1607, "the worshipful Sir John Sherllie, Knight, widower," as he is described in the Register, and the couple resided at Cuckfield Park, in preference to Sir John Shirley's house at Isfield. He had had two sons and seven daughters by his first wife, and the younger children he

to a prophets name: her pitty was the clothing of the poorer her piety the Mother of her practise; her devotions were her daily offerings to God; her mercy sure against condemnation, & all her minutes were but steppes to Heaven." It is pleasant to think of this lovely character in the lovely setting of Cuckfield Park and its house.

A feature that belongs to the elder Henry Bowyer's work in the previous century is the wonderful enriched plaster ceiling in the Library. The groundwork of the design is in moulded rib-work, geometrically disposed, and upon this

bull of the Nevills; the oak-spray of the Fitzalans; the rampant lion; a tiger sejant (the crest of the Bowyers); a mermaid; a pomegranate; a fleur-de-lys; a boy holding sprays of foliage; two serpents and the emblem of Æsculapius. The arms of Sergison, which are repeated in various parts of the house, as on the arch leading from the hall to the staircase, are: Argent, on a chevron, between three dolphins naissant, embowed, Sable, a plate between two fleur-de-lys of the Field. The Crest, a dolphin naissant, embowed, Sable, pierced with an arrow Argent, transversely vulned, Gules. Other heraldry appears in the glazing of the staircase window. This remarkable ceiling is probably by the same hand as one that is preserved in the room behind Watkin's, the grocer's shop in Arundel.

To the Shirleys succeeded the Hendleys, Sir Thomas Hendley, a nephew of the second Henry Bowyer, coming to reside at Cuckfield in 1640. He was succeeded by his third son, Walter, made baronet in 1661, and High Sheriff, 1662. There is but little to record of this family's tenure: their records are to be found in the church monuments and registers. We pass on at once to the Sergisons.

Charles Sergison, who was one of the commissioners of the Royal Navy in William III's reign, seems to have purchased Cuckfield Park, its house and lands in 1691, and came to reside there during the last decade of the seventeenth century. Springing from a Westmorland stock, he was entirely a self-made man. At the age of seventeen he obtained a clerkship in one of the royal dockyards, and from this he rose by his abilities to be a commissioner of the Navy. He had for a near neighbour and friend Mr. Lyddell, who lived at Wakehurst, in Ardingly parish, and who was also a commissioner of the Navy. We find the two friends drawing up in their official capacity a memorandum of an important interview that they had had on "Satterday Morning the 20th May, 1699" with Dutch William. The memorandum states: "Mr. Lyddell and I attended the King's Levy. I moved his Maty as he satt in his Chaire, that he would give us an opportunity of waiting on him privately, as he had done formerly. — His Maty replied Yes — next week — Tuesday morning." The laconic replies of the Dutch monarch are amusingly characteristic. The appointment was postponed, but "Wednesday, the 24th May, 1699, wee attended accordingly, and was in a little time admitted privately the back way into his closett. Having the Copy of this Booke in Marble Paper



CASE, walnut and gilt, with hooded and glazed front and sides, enclosing three models of third and fourth rates of about the reign of Queen Anne. The walnut stand, with its barrel moulding, cusped arches and octagonal taper legs standing on globular feet, shows a date circa 1665.

is arranged a remarkable series of armorial bearings and badges of the families connected with the house and manor, together with the Royal Arms of Elizabeth. Thus, there are a knight on horseback with the De Warrene Chequers; the

ingly characteristic. The appointment was postponed, but "Wednesday, the 24th May, 1699, wee attended accordingly, and was in a little time admitted privately the back way into his closett. Having the Copy of this Booke in Marble Paper



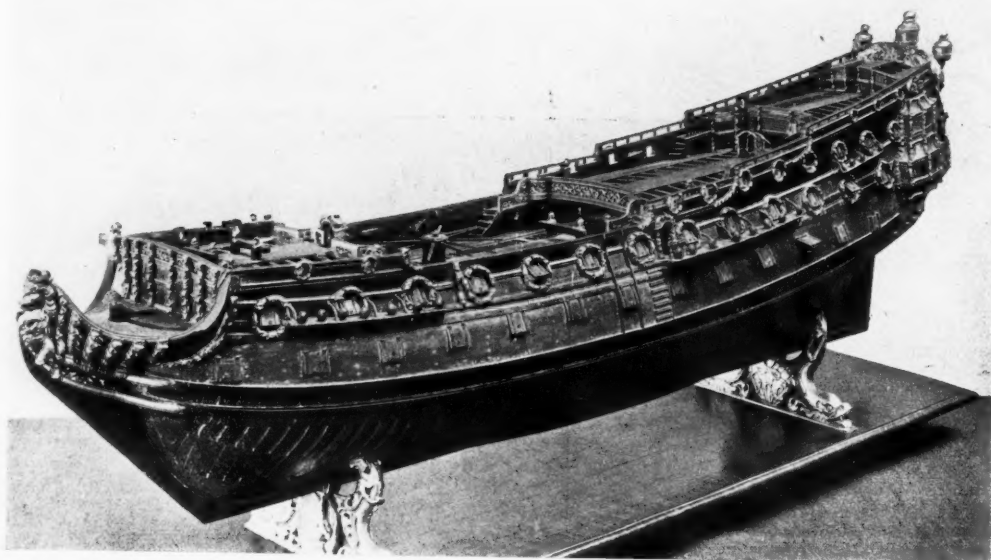
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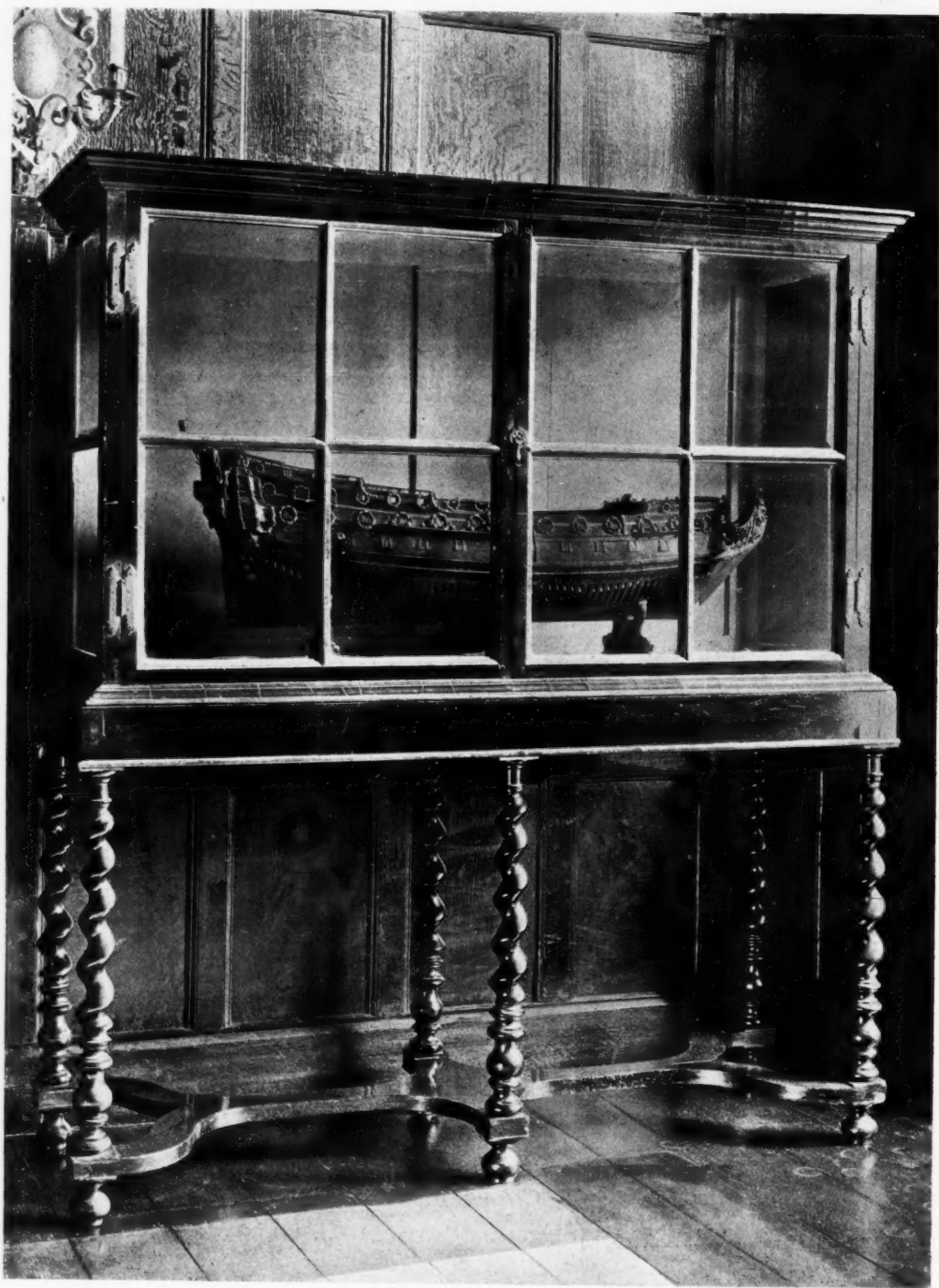
"COUNTRY LIFE."

in my hand, His Mat^y coming out of the Inner Closett, very pleasantly said, Gent—have you gott another Booke for me? I answered Yes Sr—Thinking it for yo^r Mat^s Service to have alwaies by you the State of Yo^r Navy, for as much as yo^r Curiosity, if not your occations may lead you sometimes to look into it, and that it should be laid before you twice a year at least, wee have prepared a short view of it for the present, Containing—" And then follow summaries under four heads of the contents. This book, an elegantly written pocket volume, is still in the possession of the Sergison family. It contains a most minute account of the names, tonnage, etc. of the ships in the Royal Navy at the date, and of other official matters. The memorandum records that "His Mat^y took the Booke, and look'd it over wth a great deale of curiosity and seeming Satisfaction. Hee took notice that the Debts fell mostly upon the head of Wages, p'ticularly the Tenth's of Prizes—Hee was curious to be informed of the Collumes of the Generall List, and p'ticularly what Ships were in, and what were out of Repair, and spent near a Quart^r of an hour in lookeing over the whole."

Mr. Sergison then made a long address to the King, which he gives in full, punctuated by the shrewd, jerky comments of the monarch. He winds up by saying: "But not to detain Yo^r Mat^y any longer, doubting I have allready Trespass'd, I begg Yo^r Mat^y in consideracon of my Health, and other Circumstances will give me leave to retire, and if heereafter I can be Serviceable to Yo^r Mat^y, I shall be very ready, and at Yo^r Call.—To web he Reply'd in these words, or to this effect, Viz^t. I cannot part with You, I have more need of You



Model of a two-decked ship. Temp. William III.



CASE, walnut, with glazed doors and sides, containing model of two decker, probably made in the Royal Dockyard about 1700. Stand, also of walnut, with twisted legs and X stretchers. The drop handle and hinges are contemporary. Circa 1688.

now than ever, This Commission will want Yo^r Assistance, I will protect You—and they shall have Orders to doe the same. And if Yo^r Health requires Yo^r Goeing into the Country, I hope you will take a time when You can best be Spared." To which Mr. Sergison made a loyal and dutiful answer.

As Mr. M. A. Lower observes ("S.A.C.," xxv, page 70), the plain and outspoken speech of Mr. Sergison shows him to have been a man of great courage and zeal. His ill-treatment by the other officials, of which he makes complaint to the King, was possibly due to more than one cause, such as their supineness in their several posts, their love of peculation—which we know, from Sergison's great predecessor and part-contemporary, Pepys (to whom he refers in one of the letters), was rampant in his day—and probably a lingering attachment to James II's person and party.

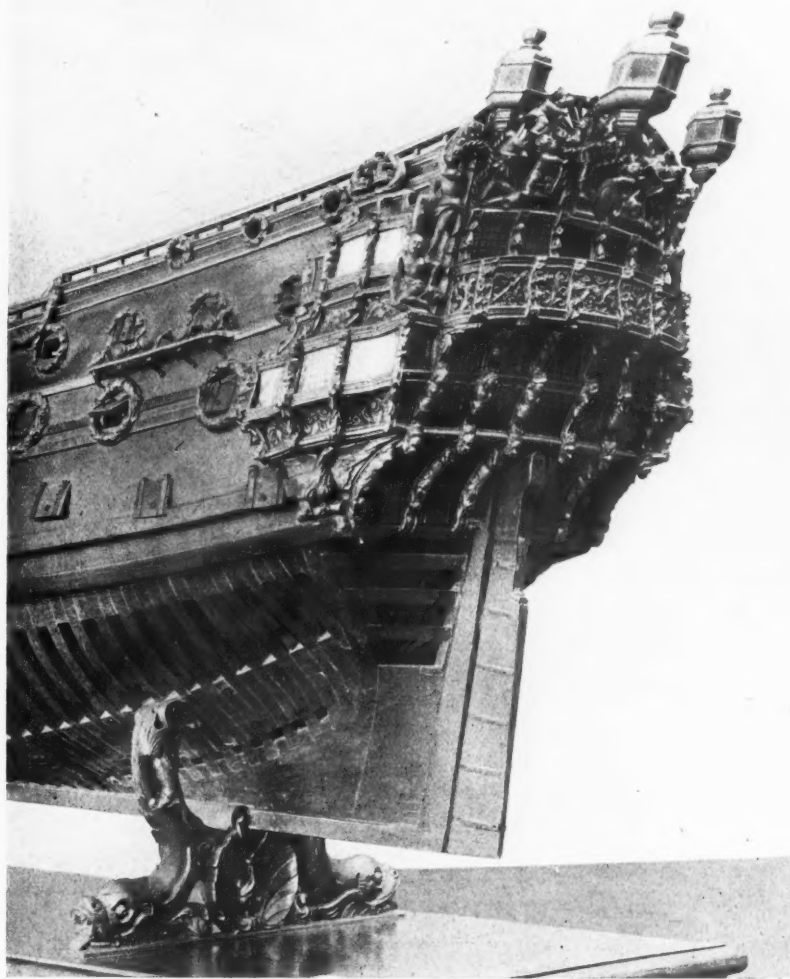
Many letters and draughts of documents relating to the Navy and to Mr. Sergison are preserved at Cuckfield, and most of them have never been published. Perhaps the earliest of these is a neatly bound volume, in a fine clerkly hand, entitled: "1st Nov^r 1686. A distinct Proportion for Eight & Twelve Months Sea Stores, for every of his Majesty's Ships, Yachts, Ketches, Sloops & other Vessells now in Being."

Mr. Sergison continued to fulfil his duties as a Commissioner of the Royal Navy throughout the reigns of Queen Anne and George I and well into that of George II, dying in 1732. But, shame to relate, he was turned out of office in 1719, the possible excuse being hinted at in his epitaph in Cuckfield Church: "Near this place lyeth interred y^e body of CHARLES SERGISON, Esqr, of Cuckfield Place, who departed this life Nov^r y^e 26th 1732. Aged 78. He was initiated into y^e Civil Government of the Royal Navy in the year 1671, as a clerk in one of his Majesty's Yards, and laudably served thro' several Offices till the year 1719 (namely 48 years), 35 of which as a principal Officer and Commissioner, to the satisfaction of the several Kings and Queens, and their greatest Ministers and all his superiors; about which time the Civil Government of the Navy being put into Military hands, he was esteemed by them not a fit person to serve any longer. He was a Gentleman of great Capacity and Penetration, exact judgment, close application to business, and strict integrity. These virtues completely qualified him for the post, which he so well filled and so long enjoyed. In those who served under Him Merit alone recommended, Fidelity and diligence were rewarded, which gained him Respect, Esteem, and Honour. He served his Country in several Parliaments, where like a true Patriot He consulted only the real interest of the Nation, without any particular views of his own. In private life he observed justice and probity, affable in his relations peaceable to his neighbours, Kind and beneficent to his Servants and in every station an Honest Man."

A fine epitaph on a fine man, one may truly say. There are still preserved at Cuckfield Park many objects of great interest which have been handed down as heirlooms from Mr. Charles Sergison's time. These include, besides various documents of public and private interest, sixty-five folio volumes of minutes of the Navy, and many very large and finely executed models of ships of war, which, considering that they are two centuries old and more



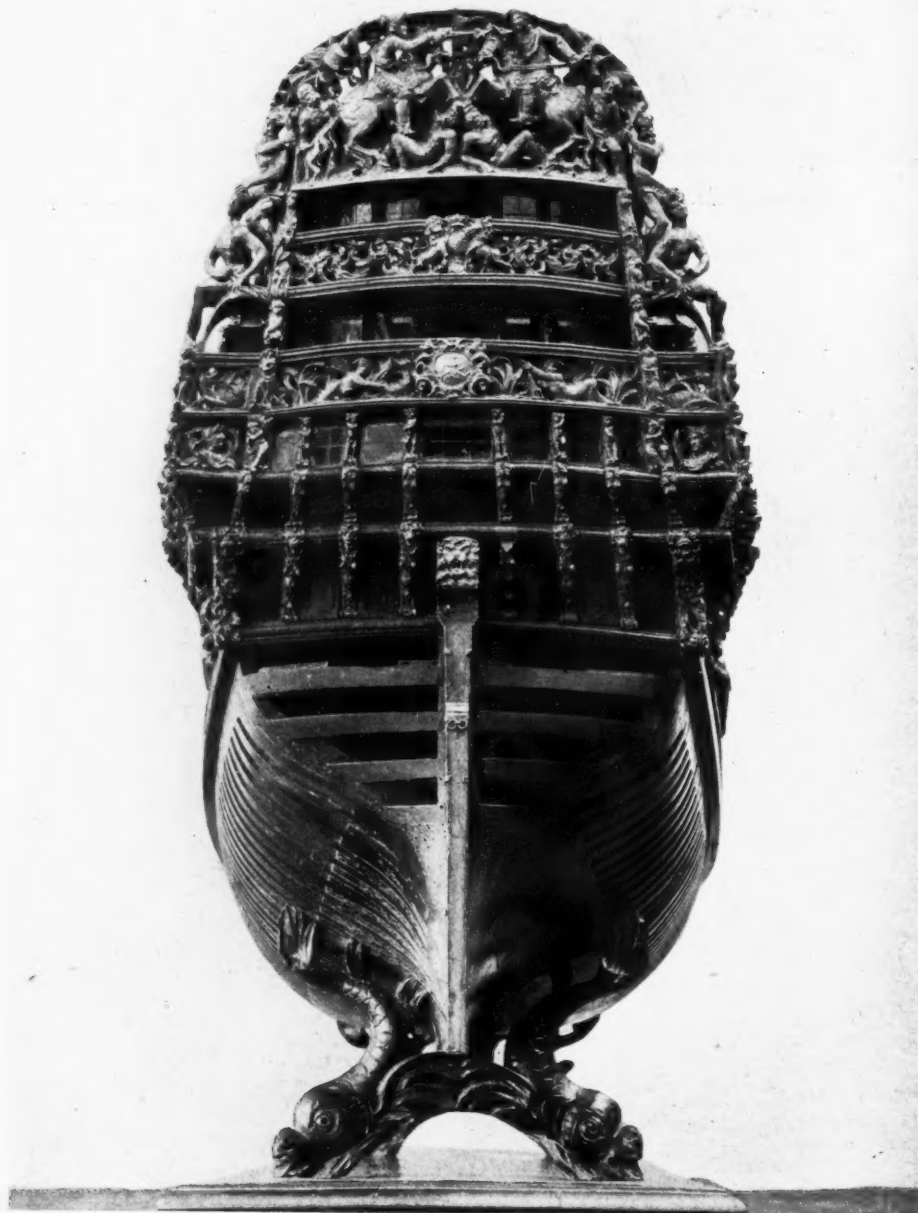
Model of three-decked ship, rigged. (Supposed to be the Namur, 90 guns, 1697.)



Stern of two-decked ship. Temp. William III. Showing poop lanterns.



Model of a three-decked ship. (Supposed to be the Britannia, 100 guns, 1682.)



Stern of the same model. Showing elaborate carving in the form of arms, emblems, etc.

are in a wonderful state of preservation. With regard to these, Mr. Sergison wrote in his will (1732): "And also I will and appoint that one or two rooms of such house (Cuckfield Place or Park) shall be applied to the accommodation of my Models and Books, which shall be handsomely placed in them as they are now, and Especially I will and appoint that my Naval Collection shall be taken care of and placed together as they now stand, and to be and remain there for the use of my heir for the time being." These directions, if not obeyed in the letter, have been observed in the spirit, and the wonderful models give to the rooms the appearance of a naval museum.

Charles Sergison was M.P. for New Shoreham, to which he was elected in 1698. A good portrait of him is preserved at Cuckfield Park. He married Anne Crawley, daughter of an official of that name in the Navy Office, and she pre-deceased him in 1729, leaving no children. The Cuckfield estate, therefore, devolved upon Michael, an elder brother of Charles Sergison. In the nineteenth century, through the failure of male heirs, it passed into the female line, but the old name, needless to say, has been retained.

PHILIP M. JOHNSTON.

THE MYSTERY MODELS AT CUCKFIELD PARK

THE ship models in the collection at Cuckfield Park, Sussex, are entitled to be regarded as a mystery, for two reasons. There is, so far as I am aware, no precise explanation of the genesis of these models, and, moreover, the models do not yet appear to have been identified. The latter problem should be capable of solution, and, indeed, but for the war, it is likely that it would have been solved. As to the origin of the collection, this is another matter. There can be no question, I think, that the collection, which consists of fifteen models, was made by Charles Sergison, who was Clerk of the Acts from 1689 to 1718. It is possible, of course, that he had them built, yet, at the same time, since he was a friend of Pepys and of Hewer, who both owned collections of models, some at least of those at Cuckfield might have come from them. This theory would receive support if it were eventually discovered that some of the Cuckfield models are of older

date than that at which Sergison held office. The yacht model was almost certainly made before 1689.

It has not yet been decided when it became the practice for the Admiralty or dockyard officials to make models of the ships of the Royal Navy. Of those now in existence none appears to date back much before the middle of the seventeenth century. Yet, of course, the construction of ship models is of very early date — practically, indeed, as early as shipbuilding itself. Apart from those which may have been required for purely utilitarian purposes, the ship model, probably executed in some costly material, would provide rulers and potentates with a present suitable for commemorating notable events or naval victories. Then, too, sailors were in the habit of using ship models as votive offerings to their patron saints, as many of the churches in seaport towns attested in the Middle Ages. Rough and crude as many of these early models doubtless were in regard to details of construction, others, again, were marvels of accuracy as specimens of hull, rigging, or other items in a ship's equipment. Nor must the decoration be omitted, which was such a salient feature of old-time naval architecture.

Some most interesting and informative articles on ship models have appeared in the *Mariners' Mirror*, the journal of the Society for Nautical Research, and in one of these Mr. L. G. Carr Laughton, now Acting-Librarian at the Admiralty, supplied some quotations from the Diary of Phineas Pett, recently printed by the Navy Records Society. This eminent shipwright and naval architect describes how, in December, 1599, he began a small model which, being perfected and exquisitely set out and rigged, he presented to his good friend Mr. John Trevor. Later on he mentions other models which he made for the Prince, his master, and one of these was carried to London from Woolwich and placed in the Long Gallery of St. James's Palace. Whether there had been other models at the Palace before is not clear, but in 1669 the Grand Duke of Tuscany mentions a visit he made to the Palace, where, among other remarkable objects, he saw, enclosed in glass cases, "some miniature models of men-of-war, beautifully executed after the designs of His Royal Highness, who, from having the superintendence of the naval armaments, has a peculiar genius for the construction of vessels, and is very attentive to their being well shaped and adapted to manœuvre with agility in battle." This collection, of course, must have belonged to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Evelyn mentions that he was shown a collection of models at Chatham in 1663, so that here are records of two collections, one at the dockyard, presumably for the shipwrights to work from, and the other at the royal palace, as an illustrative exhibit of national workmanship and strength at sea.

Next we come to Pepys, who was manifestly tremendously interested both in the study of marine architecture and in the artistic value of the ship model. The first reference in his Diary to anything of the kind occurs on October 4th, 1660, when, with Lieutenant Lambert of the *Charles*, he inspected "my Lord's model," and the Lieutenant told him many things in a ship which he desired to understand. "My Lord" is, of course, Lord Sandwich. From this moment Pepys desired to have a model of his own, and on June 6th, 1662, he records how, being at his office all alone, he "did open a chest that hath stood ever



Model of Royal Yacht. (Supposed to be the *Navy*, of 1671.)



Model of two-decked ship, rigged. (Parts of the rigging have been recently restored.)

since I came to the office, in my office, and there we found a model of a fine ship, which I long to know whether it be the King's or Mr. Turner's." He mentions this model again on July 26th, 1662, and how he had it taken from his chamber and hung up in a position where he could conveniently study it. It was not, however, until August of the same year that Mr. Anthony Deane, the Assistant Master Shipwright at Woolwich Dockyard, promised him a model of a ship, "which will please me exceedingly, for I do want one of my own." That Pepys made a fine collection later is well known, and this he bequeathed by will to his friend William Hewer with the expressed hope that, united with Hewer's own collection, it might be "preserved for publick benefit." All these collections have disappeared, with the exception of Sergison's, the value and interest of which is enhanced thereby.

There are altogether fifteen models at Cuckfield, eight of which are of large ships. These have been thus described:

1. Three-decker of about 1695.
2. Rigged three-decker of about 1709.
3. 80-gun ship of about 1695.
4. 70-gun ship of about 1710.
5. 60-gun ship of about 1705.
6. 54-gun ship of about 1710.
7. 50-gun ship of about 1707.
8. Rigged 50-gun ship of about 1695.

The remaining models include one of a yacht, which it has been suggested may be the *Navy*, which was built by Sir Anthony Deane at Portsmouth in 1671. As, however, there were over a score of yachts in the Navy in Charles II's reign, the identification of this vessel remains at present a matter of conjecture. Until thoroughly examined by experts, the vessel represented may very well be the yacht built for Charles II by Pett, or a later one built for the Duke of York, while it has also been suggested that it may be the *Bezan*, the favourite yacht of Pepys himself. Of the other small craft, the most interesting is a State barge with the crew on board. This is evidently a model of such a barge as Pepys or any other official would use, and the crew are dressed in the same manner as the watermen in Francis Sandford's "Illustrated Account of the Funeral of the Duke of Albemarle" in 1670, except that they have taken off their doublets and are in their shirts. The coxswain alone appears to be wearing a jacket with the full skirt characteristic of this article of attire when worn by Thames watermen, as may be seen in the later pictures of Gillray, Rowlandson and others. A photograph of the yacht appears with this article, but, unfortunately, there is not one of the barge.

The reproductions of photographs here shown sufficiently indicate the beauty and attractiveness of the Sergison models at Cuckfield, and at the same time illustrate the naval architecture of the period, which is roughly the reign of William III. Only two ships have been named. One is (1) the three-decker of about 1695, which is described as the *Britannia*. Views of the stern and of the broadside of this vessel are given. Why it should be supposed that she is the *Britannia* is not clear. The figurehead is of a man on horseback trampling on prostrate figures, while the carving on the stern represents two men on horseback fighting; but neither seems to be emblematic of *Britannia*. One would have liked

to connect the spirited fighting on the stern with some contemporary battle, but for this there seems to be no justification. It is noteworthy that there is at the Trinity House a model which has been described as the *Britannia*, of 100 guns, built in 1682, but it has now been identified as a model of the *Loyal London*, of 96 guns, built in 1666. That is an example of the confusion which has occurred in the nomenclature of models. In a series of articles on the identification of models of men-o'-war which appeared in the *Mariners' Mirror* before the war, the authors, Messrs. Gregory Robinson and R. C. Anderson, made the following significant remark:

Anyone who has given much attention to the development of naval architecture will have noticed that nearly every collection of models contains examples dating from the end of the seventeenth century. All these models appear to be of genuine contemporary origin, but, unfortunately, in their identification tradition or surmise have been generally, if not invariably, at fault. Names have, indeed, been assigned to many of them, but these are usually those of famous ships or of ships associated with famous persons, and appear to have been chosen rather for effect than with an eye to historical accuracy.

I am, therefore, disinclined to attempt to put names to these models, and, indeed, to the lover of what is artistic and beautiful, either in design or workmanship, it is unnecessary.

The full-rigged, first-rate ship (2) has for her figurehead St. George and the Dragon. On her stern and quarter galleries are the monograms "W.R." and "A.R.," which may possibly indicate that she was begun in the reign of William and completed in that of Anne. It is supposed that this is the *Namur*, 90, of 1697. This might fit in with the assigned date of her completion, viz., 1709. There are four features of a model which may be taken into account for purposes of identification: the rigging, the decorations, the number of the gun-ports, and the dimensions of the hull, but any one of these may be most unreliable. The ship may, as a matter of fact, have been re-rigged half a dozen times, although in the case of this particular model one would like to think that the greater part of the original rigging has been preserved. The monograms in the decorative scheme of the ship, or sometimes coats of arms, should prove useful. But as the armament of the ships of that date seems to have varied frequently, I should not be inclined to put much trust in the number of gun-ports. On the stern of the 80-gun ship of 1695 (3) there is a coat of arms which is said to be that of Charles II. It obviously, however, belongs to a later period. But the model is a very fine one, with a lion figurehead, and the detail on the upper deck is particularly complete. The 60-gun ship (5) has also a lion for a figurehead, but the gun-ports appear to be more in number than sixty. There were some 66-gun ships built about the middle of the seventeenth century, and if this were a model of one of them, it would indicate possibly that it had come from either the Pepys or the Hewer collections.

I am inclined to think that the Cuckfield collection was actually made by Sergison himself to illustrate the types of ships produced during the period that he was Clerk of the Acts, and that it is, therefore, what may be called a self-contained unit, illustrating a distinct period of naval architecture. In this case it must be absolutely unique.

CHARLES N. ROBINSON, R.N.

NATURE NOTES

THE BUZZARD AND THE LAKE DISTRICT.

IN the Lake District, especially round Keswick, in pre-war days the buzzard was quite a common bird. In the very hot summer of 1911 I saw many of these fine birds in this part of Cumberland; sometimes as many as three different pairs in a day. By Ullswater and Derwent I heard the "Kew-keew-kew!" every day. On August 30th that year, when a friend and I were coming down Skiddaw, we suddenly came upon a pair of buzzards immediately below us flying over a large pine wood. One of these fine hawks took a great objection to our presence and swooped up over our heads several times, making a great swishing noise every time it turned. It also uttered a sharp note, which was quite different from the usual whistling noise it was making when we first disturbed it and its mate. It soared about in the air like a gull, attaining great altitudes in a marvellously short space of time, rocking in the air like a monoplane. When it flapped its wings its flight was very like that of an owl. With my field-glasses I could see the yellow skin round its hooked beak and its eyes as it flew over me. It moved its head from side to side just like a gull. As it kept swooping over our heads it was quite awe-inspiring and very cheerful after the "unhawklike" ways that many old writers give this fine bird. We saw two more buzzards the same day; they were on the mountains up above Rosthwaite in the evening.

Two days later I saw a pair of these fine hawks on Eagle Crag, and another in the evening flying over the Jaws of Borradale.

Although I have been about between Windermere, Thirlmere and Coniston since early last November I have not, for certain, seen one buzzard. Local keepers tell me that they are still fairly common both at Coniston and Thirlmere. At the latter place they are strictly preserved by the Manchester Corporation. This Corporation carries out the Wild Birds' Protection Act to every letter of the Act. If only other authorities would follow this excellent example many of our rare birds, especially the larger hawks, would be fairly common in many parts of the country.

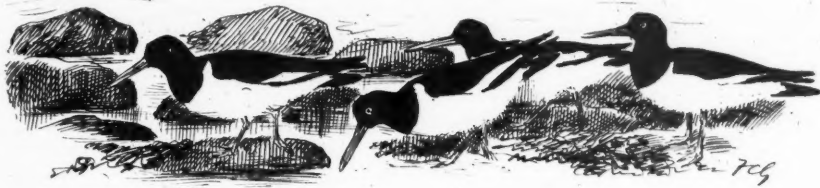
The dipper seems to be very local in the Lake District. In some parts it is very common, while in other valleys it is seldom seen. I have not seen it near Lake Windermere, nor in the Borradale Valley. By Ullswater, Hayeswater, Brotherswater, in the Honister Pass, and by Crunmock Water it is a common bird.

During the last few days, it is now mid-February, I have heard song thrushes singing. Two days ago I saw the first thrush that I have come across since I arrived up here in November. I saw another song thrush yesterday. They are evidently local migrants up in this part of England. But bird-life is very scanty up here in comparison with the Southern Counties.

L. E. TAYLOR.

SEA-BIRDS' CRIES.

The voices of the birds whose business is on the sea, or which frequent the marshes and saltings, the sands, mud and shingle banks on the shores of the estuaries, are very different from those with which our woodland and meadow songsters



OYSTER-CATCHERS FEEDING ALONG THE SHORE.

delight us. They are harsher, more plaintive, or more querulous in tone, and there is no melody in them. And yet they harmonise with the surroundings much more perfectly than would the sweeter music of the inland birds.

A nightingale pouring out its soul in throbbing notes on a crag of sea-cliff, with the waves thundering at the base and roaring in the hollows of the caves below, would be incongruous. The wild laugh of the gulls and the shrill cries of the sea-birds that line the ledges of the precipice, on the other hand, strike one as being in just the right key.

There is something peculiarly attractive in the sounds of the shore birds when heard from a little distance across the marshes. We can detect the wild, plaintive whistle of the curlew, the hoarse "cronk" of the heron, the peevish wailing of the peewits, the "tuke-tuke" of the little black-headed gull, and the swiftly flying notes of the redshank.

And one of the pleasantest of sounds is that of the oyster-catchers, a high, twittering chatter of "keep-keep-keep."

One of the handsomest of the shore-birds is the oyster-catcher, with its black and white plumage, and crimson-orange bill. Why it has acquired the name by which it is commonly known it is difficult to say; it is possibly a corruption of some original word, but it certainly does not correctly describe the habits of the bird. It does not catch oysters, and, even if it did, its bill, powerful as it is, would not be strong enough to open the shell. It feeds along the shore on shell-fish, such as mussels and limpets, and morsels of flotsam and jetsam on the marge of the tide.

It runs swiftly along, and, although its markings are so distinct when seen close to, the black and white camouflage the bird very effectively among the stones and little pools. Another and more appropriate name for the oyster-catcher is the seapie. F. C. G.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON.

Manifold have been the results of the signing of the Armistice, nor have these results affected only mankind. The South Coast peregrines, did they but know it, have as much to be thankful for as most of us, since it was seriously proposed at one time to set people on to exterminate them. The theory was that they were killing the carrier pigeons sent in with messages from the sea, and it must be confessed that the charge was not unreasonable. The writer, indeed, having some sort of a local reputation as a bird man, studiously avoided all members of the Town Council for fear of being questioned as to the facts. It may be admitted now that a carrier pigeon coming in from the sea would have had its work cut out to deliver its missive, had it encountered a hungry peregrine en route. These birds, in this neighbourhood at all events, would appear to have a special penchant for pigeons, mostly tame pigeons belonging to the downland farms, and in the height of the ration era a gentleman engaged in eking out a frugal lunch at the foot of the cliffs found himself miraculously provided with a pre-war supper through the agency of these denizens of the crags. There was a sudden flutter of wings above him and down fell a pigeon on the beach. The marauders circled leisurely down to secure it; but starving

men don't stand on ceremony, and ere the birds could reach their quarry my friend had darted forth and pounced it, the peregrines retiring sulkily to their cliff. Last July two young birds, at least, were to be seen frequenting the downs behind their eyrie, and there was a report that they took up their abode quite close to the town; so that visitors may soon hope to witness one of those stirring encounters in mid air in which the males indulge during the month of March, fighting, as some say, for the females or, as others maintain, for the nesting sites. These peregrines seldom leave the area immediately at the back of the cliffs. In some large woods only a few miles inland a keeper told me that he had only once been visited by a falcon, so that they can do little harm to the game. Once, just before a snowstorm in March, I put up a peregrine from a pond on the marsh, where

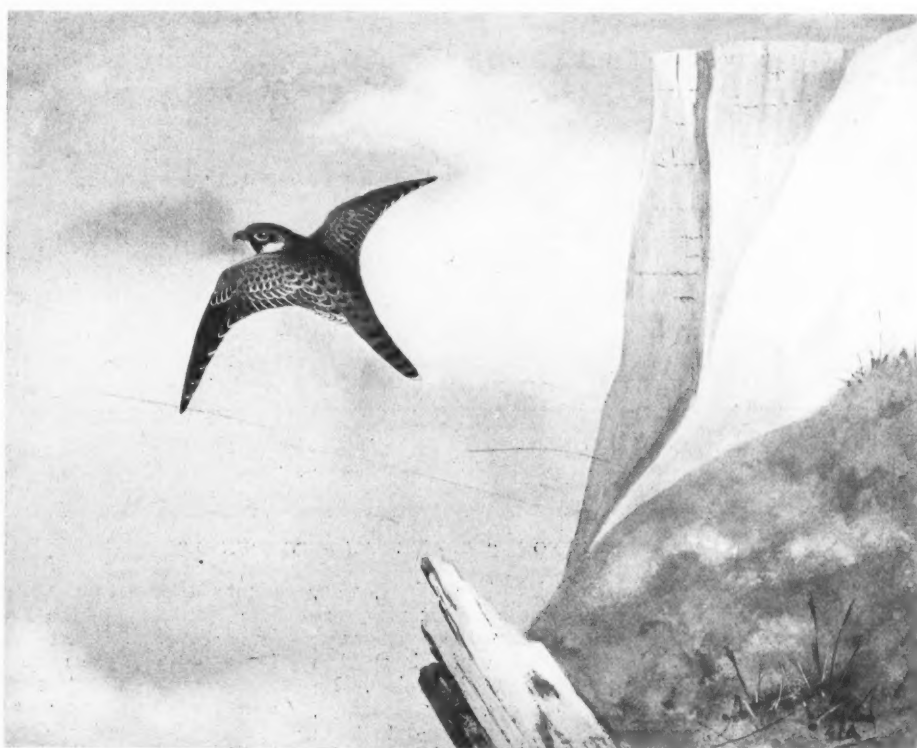
he was apparently foraging for a coot; but, in the main, pigeons form the chief item in their menu, though I have seen one capture a missel thrush in mid air and carry it off without letting it touch the ground, their practice with ordinary birds being to strike the victim with their talons on shoulder or flank and then descend to it on the turf. E. C. A. ARNOLD.

THE BROWN SQUIRREL.

The grey squirrels which run wild in Regent's Park are a source of unending interest and pleasure to the observant Londoner; but their brown cousin is not common enough near our large cities for us to have much opportunity of studying his habits, and the serious inroads which have been made on our woods during the war must have affected his numbers.

Not long ago I had an experience which added an interesting point to my knowledge. I saw an animal—which at first I took for a stoat—run along a hedge bottom, enter a fast-flowing river of considerable width, and swim across it. Only when it quickly climbed a tall fir on my side of the river did I realise it was a squirrel. Of course, most animals can swim, but many of them do so only under special stress of circumstances.

Another interesting and seldom-noted point about the brown squirrels is that their strong natural curiosity and monkey-like propensity for mischief sometimes leads them to attack young birds and eggs. An instance has just been reported by a Scottish naturalist who saw a squirrel (apparently for such a misdemeanour) being mobbed by a host of woodland birds, as they mob an owl when it ventures abroad in the daytime. Birds and other small creatures, usually timid enough, grow bold and revengeful when their young are in danger. Lord Lifford tells of a pair of missel thrushes attacking a squirrel in the defence of their nest; and in Sir Harry Johnston's "British Mammals" (Woburn Library) is a coloured plate of squirrels robbing a ring dove's nest, but unfortunately no reference to the incident is made in the letterpress. E. A. C.



THE HAUNTS OF THE PEREGRINE FALCON.

EARLY ENGLISH PLAYS

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY.

SOME years ago Andrew Lang wrote a mock apology for Betty Barnes, the famous or infamous cook, "whose unhappy pickers and stealers," says Walter Scott, "sing'd fat fowls and wiped dirty trenchers with the lost works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jonson, Webster—what shall I say? even of Shakespeare himself!" Such is a fair description of the wicked woman whom Andrew Lang affected pleasantly to regard with gratitude, as one who "lightened the labours of the sad historian of our literature."

It is not difficult to dispose of Andrew Lang's paradox. Those who do not like early English plays may easily avoid them, and who are we that we should lighten the burden

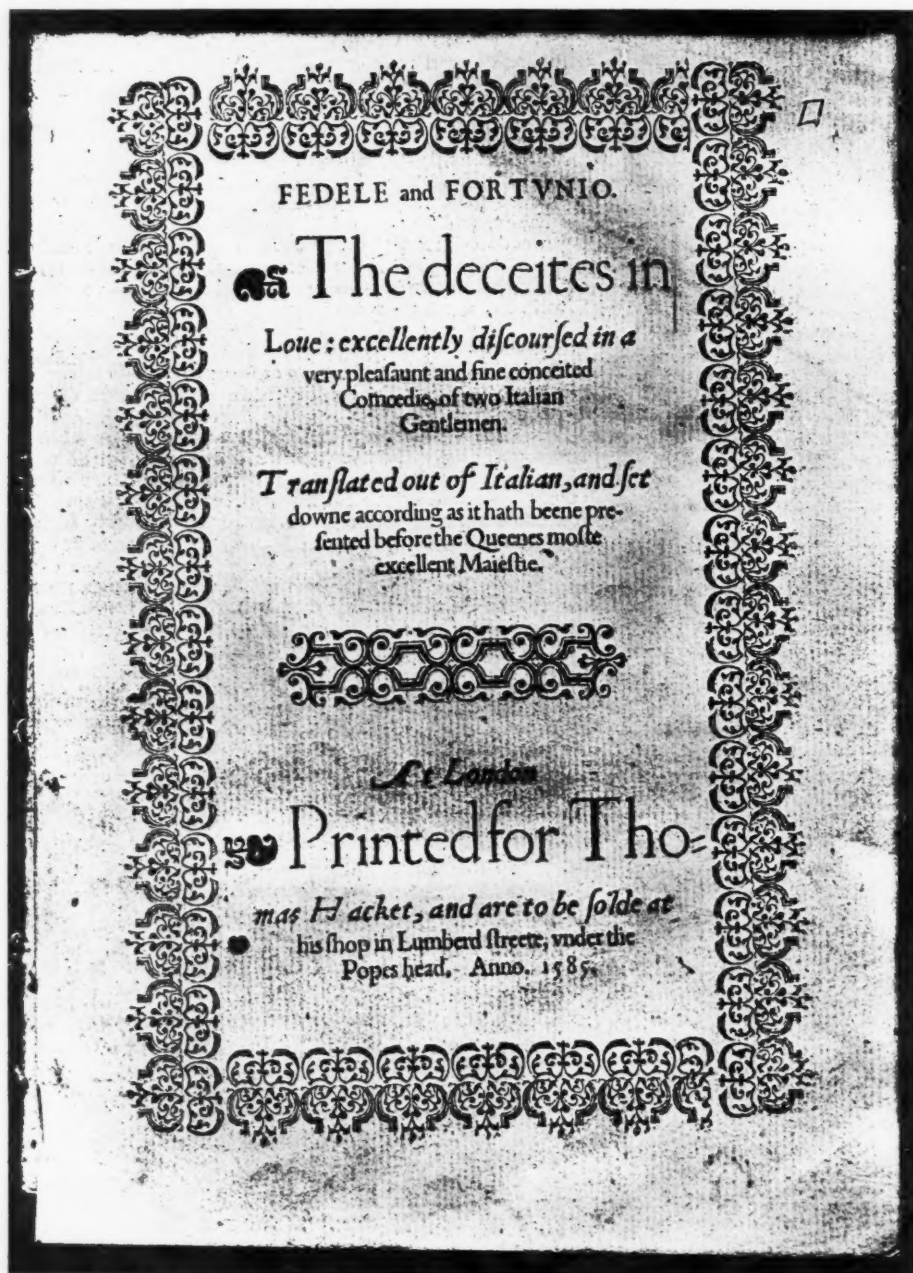
Maiden's Holiday," by Marlowe and Day. These no human eye shall ever look upon again, and not even the devil's advocacy of Andrew Lang can decrease by a feather the weight of our regret.

And now there comes to light by way of consolation the wonderful set of quartos, belonging to Lord Mostyn which have long lain hidden in the library of Mostyn Hall. Here they are—nearly four hundred of them—to tempt the rich and to fill the poor scholar with envy. The very look of the quartos is an enticement. Who would read the plays in the comeliest reprint, if he had the chance of holding in his hand the rough original edition, with its noble black letter and the simple woodcut adorning its title-page? But

these joys are for the few, and so safely hidden have been Lord Mostyn's precious quartos that when some ten years since the Malone Society reprinted "Fedele and Fortunio," the editor had perforce to be content with the imperfect copy at Chatsworth, a copy which lacks its title and ends up abruptly on an unfinished speech. And here it is in Lord Mostyn's collection, perfect, and "a fine, large copy" to boot. Thus may be restored to our literature, whole and unblemished, a play which Shakespeare read and used, and which Nashe quoted in his invective against Gabriel Harvey. Nor does the title, hitherto lost, disappoint us. It has all the pomposity of style and form which belongs to the time. "Fedele and Fortunio," so it runs: "The deceites in Love: excellently discoursed in a very pleasant and fine conceited Comedie, of two Italian Gentlemen. Translated out of Italian, and set downe according as it hath beene presented before the Queenes moste excellent Maiestie. At London. Printed for Thomas Hacket, and are to be solde at his shop in Lombard Streete, under the Popes head. Anno. 1585."

The two greatest rarities of Lord Mostyn's collection are a couple of interludes. Neither the one nor the other has been reprinted, and each is unique. That these two links in the chain of our literary tradition should leave the country is not to be thought of, and it is devoutly to be hoped that they will find a place in the British Museum. The earlier of the two belongs to the reign of

Henry VIII, and was compiled by "mayster Henry Medwall, late chapelaine to the right reverend fader in god Johan Morton cardynall & Archebyssshop of Caunterbury." And the interlude is all the more interesting because it is no mere "morality," no contest of the powers of light and darkness such as was popular at the beginning of the sixteenth century, but a play, designed upon a classical model, and introducing to the expectant audience, "Fulgens, Cenatoure of Rome, Lucres his daughter, Gayus Flaminus, and Publius



TITLE PAGE OF "FEDELE AND FORTUNIO."

which lies upon the historian's back? The others, who, with Mr. Swinburne, hold that even the dullest plays are worth reading, will continue to deplore the carelessness of Warburton and the wicked vandalism of his ruthless cook. Truly she destroyed with a kind of heroism. No less than fourteen dramas by Massinger, now unknown, were torn to pieces by her destructive hand, and to them must be added four comedies by Ford, a tragi-comedy by Cyril Tourneur, and (greatest loss of all) a play, "The

Cornelius of the disputacyon of noblenes." The other interlude, though later in time, is older in type. It is the work of William Wager, and among the players are Worldly Man, Heavenly Man, Contentation, Temerity and the rest. Thus it is described upon the title-page: "A Comedy or Enterlude, intituled, *Enough is as good as a feast*, very fruteful, godly, and ful of pleasant mirth. Compiled by W. Wager. Seven may easely play this Enterlude."

Such are the two unique "enterludes" in Lord Mostyn's collection, and it must be confessed that their highest value is in their curiosity. Time, if a harsh, is also a wise sifter, and it is not the work of chance that the great masterpieces survive, if there be no Betty Barnes to destroy them, while those of lesser beauty perish. In the last quarter of a century many scraps and fragments of Greek poetry have been recovered in Egypt, and yet the perfection of the works, which have been our possession for centuries, is still unchallenged. The best of Sappho has long been ours, and we could spare, without much repining, the few verses which have been added to her store. The new fragment of Sophocles has not enhanced our admiration of the greatest poet of Greece. The additions made to our knowledge of Menander have done something to impair a mythical reputation. Only the Mimes of Herondas have revealed to us a literary form which hitherto had been esteemed by hearsay alone. And with an equal hopefulness we are tempted to believe that we know and prize already the best that there was in the dramatic literature of Tudor and Stuart times. Nor, indeed, is it strange that men should cling with a greater tenacity to masterpieces than to mere journey-work; and though I would not underrate the worth to collectors and to historians alike of quartos which are unique, it is comforting to reflect that no new discovery need put us out of conceit with the treasure, which has always been ours.

And the new discoveries, wonderful as they may be, are not the chief merit of Lord Mostyn's collection, which is distinguished above all by extent and variety. It contains nearly four hundred plays, ranging in time from Medwall to Tom Dufey. There is scarce a great name that is absent. Marlowe and Heywood and Chapman, Marston and Dekker, Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster and Tourneur and Middleton, Brome and Shakerly Marmion and Shirley and many others are to be found in the catalogue. No such an array of names has ever before been seen together, and the plays here gathered are of their best. It is such a list as a bibliomaniac might dream of, and awake to the sad reflection that such a dream as this could hardly come true.

Without echoing Andrew Lang's adulation of Betty Barnes, we may yet admit that many of the dramas which delighted Eliza and our James were savage and uncouth. Whenever a certain kind of literature has become popular there is no lack of artisans who would ape the style and share the rewards of the artists. We have seen the masters of the novel followed at a disrespectful interval by a gang of eager imitators. And what is happening now happened then. But the journey-work of the drama was better done

than is the journey-work of fiction. There are few plays which do not reward the reader with some force or beauty of phrase, some flash of humour, some stroke of true emotion. Even among the nameless there are masters. Here, for example, in Lord Mostyn's catalogue is "Arden of Feversham," that drama of lust and murder, justly described as "very rare," which will be fought for by the collectors and still baffles the critic. Swinburne, with his instinctive enthusiasm, would give it to Shakespeare and make an end of the discussion. Mr. Bullen, with a deeper

**There is cōteyned a godely interlude of fulgens
Cenatoure of Rome. Lucres his doughter. Gaius
flaminius. & Publi^{us}. Corneli^{us}. of the disputacyon of
noblenes. & is deuyded in two ptyes/to be played at
it. tymes. Cōpylled by mayster Henry med wall. late
chapelayne to þyrght reuerent fader in god Johan
Borton cardynall & Archebysshop of Caüterbury.**



PD

TITLE-PAGE OF AN INTERLUDE BY HENRY MEDWALL.

The existence of this interlude has hitherto been known only from a fragment of two leaves in the British Museum which did not disclose its authorship.

knowledge and a more nicely balanced judgment, will admit no more than the possibility that Shakespeare's hand may have retouched it. And assuredly there are passages, lines and phrases in the play which prove that, if Shakespeare knew it not, there was one contemporary who could at times shoot with Robin's bow. Yet the study of our early drama does but emphasise the supremacy of Shakespeare. If you would measure the distance which lies between the greatest of our poets and those from whom he disdained not to learn a lesson, compare his masterpiece, "King Lear," with its predecessor, duly marked in Lord Mostyn's catalogue. The one is a mere chronicle in verse; the other is a work of imaginative beauty, such as may not be matched in the literature of the world.

I know not what pious hand gathered together these precious quartos. I would that they need never be separated one from another. But, alas! like most other treasures, they find their way to Mr. Sotheby's, and our best hope is that they will not cross the sea.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Within the Rim, by Henry James. (W. Collins and Sons, Limited.)

ALTHOUGH this book is made up of five essays, disconnected otherwise than by a common bearing on the war, it deserves a permanent place among the works of the author. Henry James has suffered a great deal from indiscriminating admirers and equally indiscriminating imitators. They have copied his mannerisms and style without possessing his individuality, and the results are disastrous. The greatest quality of James is his serene honesty and sincerity. His style is not really good. It is clumsy, very often obscure and lacking in finish. But it grew out of his character. In this case the style is part of the man, and therefore we would not have it changed. It is as much an outcome of his temperament as was that of Thomas Carlyle, and the two resemble one another in so far as an unshakable mental honesty and a vivid imagination help to produce sentences and phrases that convey to the mind of the reader the vision, often vague and shadowy, but seldom other than great and arresting, which had been formed in the mind of the author. If style could be considered in the abstract, then that is best which is clearest and briefest, provided always that in aiming at condensation the writer does not eliminate those fine shades and variations of thought which mark the rich mind. From this point of view the style of Matthew Arnold was much superior to that of Carlyle. It was the weight and force of Carlyle's intellect that upset the comparison. In spite of his manner of writing, Carlyle thundered a message to his generation which could not fail of a hearing. So it was with Henry James, and the effect was never more clearly exemplified than in the initial essay which gives its name to the volume. There is no other writing about the war like it. Politicians and writers for the Press were unable to give any true impression of the spiritual history of the British people during the opening stages. They recognised it as a duty to encourage, and as far as possible inspire, the public to take a brave and sanguine view of the struggle. Besides, they wrote with the fear of the Censor before them, and the edict from headquarters was that no word should be spoken or printed which would depress or discourage the nation. The various histories of the war written at full speed, and under great pressure, when it was still going on give no idea of that side of it which is dealt with by Mr. Henry James. The writers, in many cases, were doing useful work by getting material together for a well-considered history. But they dealt only with the external and occurrences which may have assumed exaggerated importance at the time or been missed because their significance was not immediately apprehended. Henry James observed and, what is more to the point, mused and thought from a standpoint of his own. He loved England so passionately that he became naturalised at the most dangerous point in her history. His intimate affection for France and Belgium had also been of long standing. He was a man who possessed in a high degree the contemplative habit of mind, and when war was declared, the first result, as far as he was concerned, was to recall his experiences of the Civil War in the United States—"when I had a consciousness of youth which, perhaps, equalled in vivacity my present consciousness of age." The moment the flag of the Union had been fired upon in South Carolina, the tension of the hour was exactly similar to that produced by the immediate menace to France and Belgium and the possibility of a greater danger to England than that of the Armada or Napoleon. His experiences he thought to be a sort of light in the darkness, but as startling events succeeded one another with rapidity he found that the past had given no clue to the immensities and monstrosities of the present. It was a gradual process.

I am unable to say when exactly it was that the rich analogy, the fine and sharp identity between the faded and the vivid case broke down, with the support obscurely derived from them; the moment anyhow came soon enough at which experience felt the ground give way and that one swung off into space, into history, into darkness, with every lamp extinguished and every abyss gaping.

His perception of the magnitude of the war grew apace as he noted the rate, the scale and the speed, the unprecedented engines and

the immediate presence, as it were, of France and Belgium, whom one could hear pant, through the summer air, in their effort and their alarm, these things, with the prodigious might of the enemy added, made me say, dropping

into humility in a manner that resembled not a little, a drop into still greater depths, 'oh, no, that surely can't have been "a patch" on this!'

Many of us have forgotten the exquisite summer in which were transacted those fell events on the Continent of Europe. But to Henry James it was a significant setting to the tragedy.

One grew to feel that the nearer elements, those of land and water and sky at their loveliest, were making thus, day after day, a particular prodigious point, insisting in their manner on a sense and a wondrous story which it would be the restless watcher's fault if he didn't take in.

The magnificence of that August and September had the effect of reducing a thousand things to a sort of merciless distinctness, and his mind, seeking a clear understanding of things through dubious explanation, dwelt on what he calls the "inviolacy" of England, that security from foreign invasion which was reflected in the faces and attitude of the people. It is his way of saying that courage and determination never wavered, even when it was bit by bit revealed to them that the Old Country was engaged in no slight tussle, but in a life and death struggle that was certain to occupy much time and to be marked by unprecedented bloodshed and horror. Sympathy with France and Belgium grew out of exactly contrary circumstances. They, as far as history goes back, had lain at the mercy of the invader and once more were being offered up as victims at that altar whereon their forefathers had been sacrificed again and again. In France were many who had taken a part in the successful attempt of 1870 to place that country under the pressure of the iron helmet. In previous days he had defended the English from the charge of insularity. But a new sense came into the world till it was "stuffed with meaning as if nothing had ever worn away from it." He says:

Just the fixed look of England under the August sky, what was this but the most vivid exhibition of character conceivable and the face turned up, to repeat my expression, with a frankness that really left no further inquiry to be made? That appearance was of the exempt state, the record of the long safe centuries, in its happiest form, and even if any shade of happiness at such an hour might well seem a sign of profanity or perversity.

Commingled with these reflections was the "awful proposition of a world squeezed together in the huge Prussian fist," and

the effect was literally, yes, as of the occasion of some great religious service, with prostrations and exaltations, the light of a thousand candles and the sound of soaring choirs—all of which figured one's individual inward state as determined by the menace.

It was unfortunate that Henry James died before the issue of the war had begun to be clearly defined, so that his rumination is scarcely half begun, far less finished. Yet we must be grateful for what has been obtained. It is a great thing that this man, looking beyond all the details and friction and pettiness, has been able to appreciate as a whole the spirit of England and to conserve for us a noble impression, uncoloured by politics or partisanship of any kind, of the sterling worth of the English people that was brought out as clearly by the fearful threat of 1914 as it had been in the proudest moment of her previous history.

Harold Tennyson, R.N. *The Story of a Young Sailor*, put together by a Friend. (Macmillan, 5s.)

SIR HERBERT WARREN, the "friend" who has put together the papers, chiefly letters, which constitute the contents of this little book, has raised in it a memorial not only to the young sailor grandson of Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, whose name he bears, but to his mother. Lady Tennyson's singularly beautiful character, her unaffected kindness and simple piety, shine out in the extracts given here from her letters written at the time when her husband was Governor of South Australia, and she and her three little sons made countless friends under the Southern Cross because they showed themselves so friendly. Of that small family party three have made the great sacrifice during the war, two sons directly, the mother indirectly broken by their loss. The second son, Aubrey, fell near St. Quentin in the dreadful days of last March. Harold, the subject of this memoir, was killed in the *Viking* when she struck a mine early in 1916; while their mother, who had worked devotedly for the Red Cross, died, not long surviving the death of her youngest son. Harold Tennyson's short life was crowded with interests and experiences, and he saw and realised what he saw with a freshness which would make his letters of interest even without the pathos of his loss. The touching last letter sent home after his death, in which he says "by the time you get this you will know that I have got that 'Perfect Peace' I have been longing for," is a sad commentary on what the war demanded—the boys who came suddenly to manhood under its stimulus. He was yet one more of the wonderful boys for whom, with all our passion of regret, with all our consciousness of the world's improvement, we have yet an awed thankfulness, as though they had been sent to us at our sorest need with this mission at once end, crown and meaning of their little day and lasting glory.

CORRESPONDENCE

PREHISTORIC AND BUSHMAN ART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article on "Ornamented Deer Horns" published in *COUNTRY LIFE* on March 8th is unsigned, and there is, therefore, no clue to the authorship of certain statements which can hardly pass unchallenged. Your correspondent writes: "In the dim, red dawn of man, the prehistoric hunter occasionally used both bones and horns on which to place his designs of incidents of the chase. Some critics affect to regard these somewhat crude efforts as of more importance perhaps than they are entitled to, for, with very few exceptions, such as those found in the caves of Comberelles [*sic*], they are devoid of truth to Nature and are only the inconsequent scribbles of immature minds . . . experience shows that as we go down in the scale of human life towards complete savagery the art instinct becomes nearly lost. The best instance of this is to be found in the mural paintings of the true bushmen in the caves of South Africa."

Now, one must infer from this writer's views upon the subject that he is but very imperfectly acquainted with the art either of palaeolithic man or of the South African bushmen. Had he taken the trouble to glance at the innumerable published examples of the art products of these early and recent peoples, he could hardly have referred in so contemptuous a manner to two phases of primitive realistic art which have aroused the enthusiastic admiration not only of archaeologists, but also of artists, naturalists and others well qualified to judge of the quality of the designs. His statements are as erroneous as his opinion is unjustified. He refers the prehistoric drawings and engravings to the "dim, red dawn of man." Now, it is well known that the earliest examples of the art to which he refers are referable to the Aurignacian sub-period, comparatively late, that is, in the Palaeolithic period; while the highest development of this palaeolithic art occurred towards the close of the period, *i.e.*, during the Madeleinean sub-period. In other words, this art does not go back to anywhere near the "dawn" of man. Whether this "dawn" was "dim and red" need not be argued. Your correspondent seems to forget the conditions under which palaeolithic man produced his designs. Many of these were engraved with flint burins upon hard rock surfaces, or upon horn, bone or ivory. Sculptures and bas-reliefs were executed with rude stone tools; nor were "camels' hair" and "sable" brushes available for painting in those remote days. And yet, realistic figures of animals, extraordinarily true to life and often illustrating movement in a highly convincing manner, were executed in spite of the rudimentary character of the tools employed. Sculpture in complete relief, bas-relief, engraving and painting (both monochrome and polychrome), were all included in the media of æsthetic expression employed by the gifted palaeolithic artists.

Your correspondent singles out the designs in the cave of Comberelles (or Comberelles as he prefers to spell it) as among the "very few exceptions" which rise above the "inconsequent scribbles of immature minds." Has he never seen reproductions of the far finer paintings of bison, horses, wild boars, etc., in the cave of Altamira in Spain, or the animal designs in the Grotte de Teyjat, at Niaux, Montgaudier, La Madeleine, Laugerie Basse, Bruniquel, Lortet and the Font de Gaume, or the celebrated engraved reindeer of Thäingen, or the wonderful bas-reliefs of Laussel, to mention only a few instances? I cannot but think that, if he will study the better examples of realistic art from these sites, his views upon prehistoric art and its exponents will undergo considerable and useful modification. The same criticism is invited by his remarks upon bushman art. If he will, as I have done, visit some of the rock shelters in South Africa, and examine the better examples of paintings upon the rock walls, or if he will study the, in some ways still more remarkable, animal designs engraved or "pecked" by bushmen artists upon rock surfaces, I venture to think that he will realise that the bushmen, in spite of their otherwise rudimentary culture and their crude appliances, were often wonderfully competent artists, capable of rendering with considerable fidelity the beasts of the chase. He would recognise that many of them were eminently able to record in artistic form the very accurate and intimate knowledge of animal life which was inevitably acquired by "the finest hunters the world has ever seen," to quote your correspondent's appreciative phrase.

Before expressing decided views upon early prehistoric and bushman art, your correspondent would be well advised if, instead of being content to examine cursorily and uncritically a few casual examples of the *cruder* designs, which may be classed as sketchy or even as "grotesque and inaccurate," he would give his attention to the *best* examples and study these in reference to the primitive appliances with which they were produced. From these he would be able to arrive at a just idea of the highly creditable achievements of these primitive artists. As it is, his comparison of the art of Stone Age peoples with that of one of our best known animal painters of to-day betrays a lack of sense of perspective, and is based upon faulty reasoning and apparent ignorance of the true facts. When he says that "a British child of ten would laugh at" the "grotesque and inaccurate" designs of the bushmen, and, we may presume, also at the "inconsequent" scribbles of palaeolithic man, he is doing injustice to the British child. He may also, in this connection, be reminded of the fact that it was a very small Spanish girl who first discovered and appreciated the realistic character of the late palaeolithic animal paintings in the cave of Altamira. Having for many years carefully studied the art both of palaeolithic man and of the South African bushmen, I feel that it is only fair that due recognition should be made of the skill and the powers of observation which are exhibited by so very many of the designs. For this reason I have been led to make this brief attempt to neutralise the unfavourable impression which might be derived from the rather positive statements of your anonymous correspondent. At the same time, one cannot but feel grateful to him for having called attention to the beautiful specimens of the art of Lieutenant-Commander Millais, with which his article is mainly concerned.—HENRY BALFOUR.

"A NEW USE FOR CHURCHES."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can imagine no more unseemly use for any of the old parish churches of England—even the humblest of them, and however sparsely attended they may be for the moment—than that attempts should be made to "fill them" by using their naves or aisles for dances! Such would indeed be a new "use" for them. Within limits and with a strict choice of subjects, there is less objection to magic lanterns, as architectural or religious subjects, which need by no means be dry ones, could be dealt with. I fully sympathise with the inability of some squires to build expensive parish halls, but light corrugated structures will often serve for entertainments and reading-rooms. What we have to remember is that every church in this realm, whether mediæval or modern, was built for worship and not for capering and secular amusement. Abuses of the capering and dramatic kind in the naves of churches sprang up in one brief period of the Middle Ages, but were quickly suppressed by the wise Bishops of that time. Country churches would be as well attended now as in the ages when our ancestors built them if the priests who serve them would place the ancient sacrifice of the Mass (or Liturgy or Eucharist) as the chief service of Obligation every Sunday instead of Matins with its wearisome dullness. Also, if the old rites of Candlemass and Palm Sunday were yet more widely restored than they are at present, when the processions of the people would soon use and fill the nave and aisles for the very purpose for which they were originally built in the ages of faith. All these old laudable ceremonies are the heritage of the entire Western Church, and, while marking the seasons of fast and festival, give that opportunity for all classes to share in them, as well as that wholesome variety which is so wanting in the bald Anglican services in rural districts.—ARGVLL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter on "A New Use for Churches" in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 15th must astonish many readers. Fortunately in England a consecrated church cannot be used as a "place of amusement" where "chairs could be easily moved away for a dance." But is there no other means of giving the villagers a place for recreation until the village hall can be built? We found a badminton court, made of wood and corrugated iron, most useful for dancing, meetings and entertainments; and large Government huts can be obtained now for about £70. The Y.M.C.A. or Church Army might sell their huts even more cheaply, as they would be glad for their work to be carried on in a village. The present labour difficulty is not insurmountable if the people themselves are interested in the project. I know a church in a slum parish which was restored entirely by voluntary labour after working hours, and in our village a men's committee quickly converted a tumble-down building into a comfortable clubroom. And may I very humbly suggest that our churches have never been more needed for the purpose for which they were built than they have been since 1914? In every village the broken-hearted are thankful to find open at all hours the quiet refuge bequeathed by their forefathers.—M. B.

LORD ABERDEEN AND HIS TENANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in reading your article on Lord Aberdeen's letter to his tenants. I have not seen Lord Aberdeen's letter, but in your article you quote that, "After careful consideration and consultation with his business advisers he decided to accept an offer for the land." As you say, the plain English of that is that he prefers to escape the responsibility of being a large landowner. That is the crux of the whole matter. Large landowners are selling their land right and left; ostensibly they are by way of giving their tenants special advantages; but does one single man organise his tenants to keep the land when bought, or give them facilities to buy by lending money at a low interest? As a matter of fact, I believe I am right in saying that a lot of the land is bought by syndicates, who are not generally moved by altruistic ideas. No man who sells his land like that has any right whatever to feel sore about labour troubles; he is not attempting to help his country to right them. Why cannot the splendid leadership, devotion and unselfishness shown in the war be carried on into civilian life? If landlords would organise their men and help them to help themselves (it has been done, and it can be done) they would do much towards preventing our country becoming a nation of dependent individuals, expecting the State to do everything for them. It is a tragedy not to combine for good practical purposes instead of leaving an almost clear field for evil combinations.—ANNIE M. PELLY.

PERCHERONS OR BELGIANS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having been employed for the last four and a half years in buying remounts in America, may I be permitted to suggest that the horse shown in the middle of page 251 of your issue of March 8th is not a Percheron, but a Belgian, and not a very favourable specimen either, as he shows the straight shoulder, short neck and coffin head that the American breeders have with much success striven to get rid of since they imported the breed from its original home? At the International Stock Shows at Chicago in 1915, 1917 and 1918 (I was not in the city in 1916), there were some very fine classes of Belgian stallions particularly noticeable for their nearness to the ground, short backs and excellent loins and ribs. Anyone who wishes to promote the breeding in this country of clean-legged action draught horses might do worse than to import some of this breed from the States.—F. WILLIAM SLINGSBY.

A MYTHICAL BRIDGE BUILDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While recently in India I paid a visit to the City of Puri, the home of the great god Jagannath or Juggernaut. Admission to the temple and its courtyard is forbidden to non-Hindus, but I was successful in obtaining a number of snapshots of the walls and general view. One of the most interesting shrines is that of the Monkey-God or Hanuman, a great favourite among the lower classes in Bengal. Outside the south gate of the temple of Juggernaut there is a statue of Hanuman in steatite (blackened over) which is about 12ft. high. The photograph was taken from the opposite side of the road, and gives one a very fair idea of this fabulous creature who plays such a great part in Hindu mythology. Hanuman was the great comrade of Vishnu, when the latter, in his incarnation as Rama, made the expedition to Ceylon in order to recover his wife, Sita, carried off by the giant Ravana. Hanuman's contribution, or rather his chief contribution, to the expedition was to hurl rocks into the sea to bridge the ocean between India and Ceylon. The remains of these rocks are still there (Adams Bridge)—a sufficient answer to sceptics!—J. T. JENKINS.



HANUMAN.

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PUZZLE PADLOCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers put me in the way of getting one of the old Sussex puzzle padlocks? In my boyhood days these padlocks were used to fasten field gates in districts about Hastings. At the first glance they look almost impossible to open, but, knowing the trick, it is easy. If any of your readers could give me the name of the maker of these locks, I should think it most kind of him, or the name of any dealer who might possibly have one.—ALPHA.

"A DARING KINGFISHER"

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of January 25, headed "A Daring Kingfisher." The writer, "R. B. H.," appeals for similar incidents. Some years ago I was fishing in the Eye Brook at Uppingham with the late Mr. Charles Morris of Oakham. "In the leafy month of June," when we were having our lunch, he said: "A very interesting thing happened to me. I stood between two bushes with my rod across the stream, and a kingfisher settled on my rod. I did not stir, and it sat there quite an appreciable time." Mr. Morris was a good



COTTAGES ERECTED BY MAJOR MITCHELL FROM THE PRIZE-WINNING PLAN BY MR. WILFRID LAWSON.

sportsman, a good fisherman and a good man, not at all a man to exaggerate—a man more upright and truthful never lived.—N. W. WORTLEY.

A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of the midnight sun in eight successive positions will doubtless interest your readers. In bringing it to their notice, permit me to recall the fact that at all points of the earth where the northern or southern latitude is more than 66deg. 32mins. there are certain periods of the year during which the sun remains for many days without either rising or setting. Thus within the zones of the two polar regions the marvellous spectacle of the midnight sun is to be observed. In other words, people living in the northern latitude of 80deg. see the sun shine constantly during no fewer than 134 days. Mr. D. B. MacMillan, a member of the Croker Land Expedition, wondered how he could record this phenomenon photographically—and the result is the picture I send you. By means of eight exposures on one plate—at intervals, I understand, of a quarter of



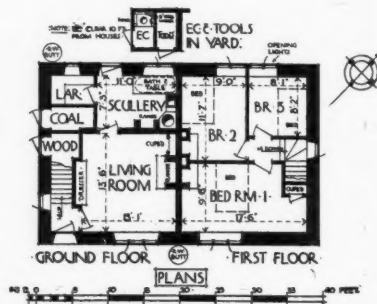
THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

an hour—he has demonstrated scientifically and, at the same time, in a most picturesque manner the successive movements of the sun which shines both day and night.—GEORGE FREDERIC LEES.

"COUNTRY LIFE" COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think your readers will be interested in seeing the enclosed photograph of the pair of cottages built by Major Mitchell on the Pallinsburn estate from the designs of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, who won the first prize in your Cottage Competition of 1914 for the Northumberland type. Everyone will agree that the appearance of the cottages justifies the wisdom of the assessors in placing Mr. Lawson's design first. The cottages are very comfortable and much liked by their tenants. In the Competition particulars Mr. Lawson estimated that the pair would cost £440, but to meet the North Country desire for a large kitchen-living-room each cottage was extended 2ft. in frontage length, and the tenders actually worked out at just £500. This addition allowed the bedrooms to be slightly larger, and also, I venture to think, somewhat improved the appearance of the cottages. Work was about to be commenced and a considerable portion of the timber was on the site when war broke out. Like so many other people at that time, Major Mitchell decided to postpone building operations in the hope of an early Peace, but in 1916 it was found that two additional cottages were required on the estate and the erection of these cottages was proceeded with. In spite of the timber in hand, which had been obtained at pre-war prices, the new tenders showed an advance of 37½ per cent. upon the 1914 figures. If the work had to be carried out now, the increase would be far in excess of this amount.—G. G. REA.



A HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was hard by a venerable oak overlooking the river, and the rendezvous of all the rabbits in the neighbourhood, that the air immediately above was a blank canopy of wings and filled with a babel which even in rookland was enough to challenge attention. Some very important business was unmistakably on wing. Then all at once it seemed a decision was reached, and the next second, down from the midst of the tumult, there fell a hapless individual with a broken wing who shuffled uncomfortably along the ground and presently disappeared in the thick undergrowth of the river bank. As soon as he had dropped the assembly dispersed and silence reigned once more round the old oak, only broken by the murmur of the river. Here was conclusive evidence of the existence of a high court of justice among the rooks. It was quite plain that the court had assembled for the trial of an evil doer, and that sentence had been passed and carried into execution with a dramatic suddenness that testified that among the rooks, at least, there is no Court of Criminal Appeal. The decree was as unmistakable as if it had been promulgated in print: "Expulsion from the society of the air to be enforced by a broken wing." One could not help feeling sorry for the offender, who, in

his helpless, maimed condition, was in such pitiful contrast to the members of the high estate from which he had fallen, and who was deprived for ever of the splendid powers which could carry him away from all the dangers with which he was now surrounded. It was more than possible that the decision of the court above was awaited with great interest by the invisible spectators of the countryside below, to whom a helpless bird is a gift from the gods. But the criminal's one idea was to hide somewhere as quickly as possible and so he vanished into the dread possibilities of the undergrowth. What was the nature of the crime that had called down on his head such condigno punishment? Was he a thief or murderer who, having used his wings for an unlawful purpose, was condemned to lose the use of them for ever? Perhaps he had developed Bolshevik tendencies and was a menace to the community. In that case his fate would be sealed at once, for it is not a matter of speculation, but of common experience, that the animal world is intensely suspicious of the slightest deviation from rule and that it would have no use whatever for revolutionaries. However that may be, we have here a most convincing illustration of the working of law and order in wild life and of the way in which any infringements are followed by the most drastic punishment.—E. K. V.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A BUSY SEASON IN PROSPECT.

IN the last few days there has been an increase in the volume of property announced for sale during the coming season. Perhaps the most notable point in the announcements is the fact that many of the estates, though not of large area, as landed properties are reckoned, are ideal in their residential qualities, having excellent houses in delightful surroundings, personal and other associations of much interest, and considerable value from an agricultural point of view. Wherever possible the vendors have arranged for the offering of the estates in sections suitable for the various requirements of those who seek purely residential accommodation, or large small farms. The system of selling either as a whole or in lots enables a buyer to take his time and have a free hand in deciding just what to do with a property, and, if he elects to acquire the entire estate at the outset, he can do so with perfect confidence in his ability to sell to advantage any outlying or other holdings which he does not desire to keep in his own hands. It will also be noticed that in some cases the auctions, failing private negotiation, are fixed for some weeks ahead, thus giving ample time to prospective purchasers to consider the properties in all their bearings, and it is an undoubted fact that so attractive are many of the estates now in the market that the more they are looked into the more pleasing they will appear to be, and the buyer to-day would seem to have as his chief source of perplexity the making up of his mind as to which, where all are so good, is for him the most desirable purchase.

The large Moor Park Estate, of about 3,000 acres, situated between Rickmansworth, Watford and Northwood, is to be sold by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on the instruction of the present owner, Lord Ebury. The mansion, in a park of 500 acres, is a fine example of the eighteenth century Grand Manner in architecture. It is, indeed, the chief work of Giacomo Leoni, the Italian who had such a lion's share in bringing the Palladian style to England. At Moor Park Leoni had as nucleus a Tudor mansion, and this he altered and remodelled very extensively to suit the taste of his age. The exterior was wholly encased with Portland stone and embellished with a great portico, colonnade (destroyed in 1785) and other Palladian features, while the interior was lavishly decorated with classical paintings by Thornhill, Sleker, Cipriani and Amiconi. At a later date Robert Adam contributed to the furnishings and built a tea-house in the grounds. The house and its gardens were fully described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of January 6th and 13th, 1912.

Another sale of great interest will be Lord Northampton's. He has decided to dispose of the whole of his property in Cornwall, including the town of Callington with its markets, etc.

Another very delightful estate which was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXXVII, page 446), Anderson Manor, Dorset, an old Tudor house with 30 acres, has been privately sold this week by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners. The Lye House, Bricket Wood, Herts, an old-fashioned house and 80 acres; B.x Hill House, near Henley; Heathdene, Watford; and The Mount at South Godstone, with 16 acres, have changed hands through Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The riverside residence at Hampton Wick, known as Bartika, with 2 acres, and Bramdene at Barnes Common have been sold by private treaty by Messrs. Penningtons, who have also dealt with houses in Richmond under the hammer. Messrs. Harrods (Limited) have disposed of St. Georges, an Elizabethan house and 40 acres at Ringwood; Hawkley, at Pyrford; and The Old House and about 4 acres at Great Missenden.

Whether expressed in terms of acreage or money the Scottish transactions, either concluded or contemplated, are of first-rate importance. The sale of Ardnamurchan, Argyllshire, is a notable event. The forthcoming sales, by the firm which carried it out, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, of a large area for the Duke of Sutherland, and of Ayrshire and other estates, are also of importance and general interest. Some of the properties were referred to in these columns last week, together with the approaching auction of 37,000 acres on Lord Aberdeen's Haddo House estate, by Messrs. Castiglione and Scott (Limited).

Dunnottar Castle is in the market, at an "upset price" of £40,000, and it will be exposed to public rump at Stonehaven on April 8th. This famous stronghold on the Kincardineshire coast stands on a lofty crag which is washed on three sides by the sea, and almost detached from the mainland by a precipitous chasm. The estate has an area of 2,245 acres, and yields over £2,000 a year. In the time of the Stuarts the regalia of Scotland were

removed to the castle for safety. Many objects of peculiar value and rarity have in recent months found temporary shelter far from their regular situations, and, happily, have neither had to be again removed for safety, nor forgotten as was the case with the Scots treasures. Cromwell's soldiers stormed Dunnottar, but they failed to find the regalia, for, on the eve of the capitulation the crown was carried away, with the sceptre, by the minister's wife, who buried them under the pulpit of a church in the vicinity. In due time the precious objects were taken back to Edinburgh and put into an oaken chest, where they lay forgotten for over a century, from 1707 until 1818. In the latter year, thanks mainly to the initiative of Sir Walter Scott, they were restored to a more appropriate position. The foregoing, at any rate, is the received version of what happened, and it gives Dunnottar a strong claim on Scottish regard. The castle has also other claims, inasmuch as it was used for a while as a prison for the Covenanters. The Martyrs' Memorial, in the kirkyard of Dunnottar, testifies to the sufferings endured by the unfortunate captives, many of whom succumbed in the castle or in trying to escape from it.

Two other well known Scottish castles are situated on the Ardnamurchan estate, the property of Mr. C. D. Rudd, which has just been sold through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, to Mr. Kenneth Clark. Ardnamurchan is 70 miles long by 40 miles broad at some points, and has a total area of well over 55,000 acres. It includes Glenborrodale Castle and Shielbridge Lodge on the river Shiel, and the famous Mingary Castle. Deer forest, grouse moor, salmon fishing and other features contribute to make it a fine sporting property, and this part of Argyllshire affords a habitat for the wild cat. Caledonian altars and towers are also still existing on the estate.

An "upset price" of £15,000 has been declared for the Haddington property, known as Alderston, to be offered in Dowell's Rooms at Edinburgh on Wednesday next (March 26th). The house, a large one, stands in the midst of over 300 acres. Another Scottish estate to be submitted in the same auction rooms next month is Rossie Castle, Forfarshire, with 130 acres, some two miles from Montrose. The reserve in this instance is £16,000.

Pyrgo Park, Major Lord O'Hagan's Essex seat at Havering-atte-Bower, has been placed in Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons' hands for sale, and the house and 800 acres will be offered by auction in the city in June. The firm is also to dispose of a large area of agricultural land in the same county, at Nazeing and Waltham Abbey, for Colonel Sir Hereward Wake; and for Mr. J. W. Newall, the Forest Hall estate, Ongar, including the mansion and 3,200 acres, much of it in holdings of from 50 to 200 acres. Yet another Essex sale to be held by Messrs. Savill is that of the outlying part of Dagnam Park estate, Romford.

The greater part of the town of Shaftesbury is to be sold by Messrs. Fox and Sons there on May 27th and two following days. They have also properties in Hants, Warwickshire, Devon and Cornwall for early disposal.

From the fact that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are sanctioning the sale of large areas of glebe land in various parts of the country, certain inferences will not improbably be drawn by private owners who may be wavering as to whether to put their properties into the market. Corporations, such as those controlling the management of the church lands, have at their service the best possible advice as to the present and future of land ownership; and, if they decide to sell, it is an example which will not be lost upon other proprietors, who may have more land than they can conveniently and efficiently control, and to whom the remunerative return upon the reinvestment of the purchase money in gilt-edged securities may be worth considering. The result of the process is to broaden the basis of ownership, and that is a good thing in itself, as well as in the opportunities it affords to the farmer of acquiring his holding and thus rendering himself as secure as he can against displacement. Further sales of glebe lands in the eastern counties are entrusted to Messrs. Bidwell and Sons, notably in Cambs., and they are also selling farms in the Isle of Ely on behalf of the Master and Fellows of Peterhouse. The last-named transactions are subject to the sanction of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. The Dean and Chapter of Ely are disposing of detached lands, and Major F. W. E. Beldam has directed Messrs. Bidwell to sell on his Toft Manor estate, Cambs., 440 acres. Sir Gerald A. S. L. St. John Mildmay intends to offer nearly 600 acres in north Hants., near Winchfield, being outlying portions of the Dogmersfield estate. The properties are within 40 miles of London, and possess a residential element of some value. Mr. Joseph Stower is to offer them in June. ARBITER.

SWITZERLAND: PRESENT CONDITIONS AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.—I

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

HAVING recently returned from a long sojourn in Switzerland, I have been bombarded with questions as to present conditions there and future prospects. What are prices like? What about food and heating? What is the feeling about the war? Will passports soon be available? The answers to these enquiries are simple: Prices have doubled; food is very scarce and heating inadequate; German-Switzerland, generally speaking, is still pro-German, while French-Switzerland is still splendidly pro-Ally (if perhaps, more strictly speaking, pro-French); and as for passports, that is a question to be solved by three main considerations: Whether Switzerland can feed an army of tourists, whether the French can supply rolling-stock to convey them there, and whether the British Government intends to encourage money being spent outside this country. There are evidently some optimists among us. A West End bootmaker, famous for his climbing boots, told me last week that he was already in receipt of many orders for Alpine purposes and that most of these orders were marked "urgent." With the signing of the Armistice many saw our prison doors opening. The idea of travel became a possibility again. Thousands, after an enforced captivity of four years, turned their thoughts once more to lake and mountain and forest, and Switzerland still remains the most accessible, in point of time and money, of all available foreign playgrounds.

The Swiss, too, were optimistic. I use the past tense, for reflection has somewhat reduced the first hopeful estimate which followed the great event of mid-November. The hotels, of course, are hungry for us. The managers, scanning their empty dining-rooms (many a big hotel counts barely a dozen guests at present), return to their desks and calculate prices and profits in the good time coming. And these prices, they frankly admit, must be high for a year or two at least; the losses, carried by the banks at a high rate of interest for the past four years, have been gigantic; it is we who are expected to recoup them.

The days of a cheap Switzerland, I believe, are gone for ever, with many another happy pre-war condition. One huge mountain hotel, for instance, in a certain place that was famous five years ago for its summer and winter season, a place crowded to overflowing by English visitors at reasonable prices, now has a debt of 600,000fr.; it was run this winter (only one wing in use and that wing so chilly that people came to dinner in furs and overcoats) at a heavy further loss. The bedroom radiators, owing to scanty coal of poor quality, were only hot in the top twelve inches, the rest of the pipes being too cold to touch with comfort. The rooms were, therefore, icy. "It is a question of pressure," explained the resigned manager; "with coal of low calories sufficient pressure is unobtainable." He told the truth.

While on this question of heating, the trains, too, may be mentioned. The locomotive tenders are piled with wood, express trains hardly exist, not only is the service reduced to a minimum, but every train is an omnibus train, and from Geneva to Montreux, formerly a matter of three hours or so, is now a whole day's journey. On Sundays no trains run at all, there is no post, no newspaper, an early milk train being the only Sunday traffic.

The Armistice, however, brought with it a wave of happy optimism. The story ran from place to place, fathered upon Thos. Cook and Son, probably without a shred of evidence, that a thousand English were coming out at once—mostly invalids, the report took care to add, but still English visitors. Hotel managers certainly received applications and enquiries from would-be travellers, but these enquiries were not followed up; when I left the country in February, my own hotel in Territet, a popular resort of the English for many years, had not increased its list of a baker's dozen (half of them in bed with influenza) by a single name. With slight modifications and exceptions, this is representative of all other hotels as well, although these remarks refer entirely to what are called "Resorts" which, whether in the valleys or on the mountains, depend upon tourists, transients and travellers generally for their *clientèle*. The towns, of course, are crowded to overflowing; in Berne, Geneva, Lausanne and Zurich quarters were only to be found with the greatest difficulty. In Berne the German Legation alone employed a staff of 1,500, and the increase of "officials" from every country, it may be added, while a source of joy to the hotel-keepers, has been a source of anxiety, annoyance and even anger to the Swiss authorities, and a cause of almost daily protest in the country's Press. But the "Resorts," though eager for the English tourist, have now realised that they must still wait patiently for a considerable time before their hopes can be fulfilled, and that a summer season this year is out of the question altogether. They build their hopes, meanwhile, upon next winter.

Information as to actual present conditions may interest numerous readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are lovers of Switzerland, always bearing in mind that certain of these conditions may before very long be favourably modified. To begin at the beginning—I went out on behalf of a London newspaper to study the question of our prisoners. "Yes," said the Swiss Legation here, "we shall welcome your visit, but we can only give you permission to stay there two weeks. You must arrange any extension of your visit with the police in Berne." On arrival at one's destination, the passport is surrendered and a *permis de séjour*, good for one month in my own case, received in exchange. This *permis* takes the form of a *carte de contrôle*, upon which any and every change of address must be duly entered. The movements of an individual are thus closely checked. The Berne police, courteous if dilatory, extend it from month to month indefinitely, provided the individual's record remains good, and when a given month is up, the mere fact of having written for a further extension allows one, meanwhile, to remain on in the country. The days of free and happy Switzerland, it will be seen from this, have temporarily gone, and even after Peace is signed it is said to be probable that some modified form of controlling the movements of foreigners may remain in force.

When surrendering the passport, food cards must at once be obtained, for without them no single meal is obtainable. Bread, milk, cheese, fat, butter, grease are all very strictly rationed. Of the first no crumb is delivered without first handing up the corresponding coupon, the ration of 250 grammes a day (raised last February to 300 grammes) being amply sufficient for average need, the bread itself, however, being most unpalatable. The milk allowance is very small, and that of cheese scarcely worth buying, the latter also being often unobtainable in any case. Butter is in the same category as cheese—it has disappeared almost entirely. And that these staple foods, with which Switzerland formerly overflowed, should have become thus microscopic in quantity is probably the first thing that will strike the hungry visitor. As for "fat," with every dish taken in a restaurant is printed the requisite number of grammes deliverable, and if one's food cards have been left at home by mistake, no food is obtainable at all. Meat, usually of execrable quality, is fairly plentiful. The table d'hôte menus in hotels may be imagined without further description. Sugar is equally microscopic, of course, in quantity, but the individual has no sugar card.

With regard to cost of living generally, it may be said that prices in almost every commodity are double what they were, if not more. What we call methylated spirit and the Swiss call *alcool à brûler*, formerly sold at 70c. a litre, now sells at 2fr. 50c. a litre. Paper is so expensive that the hotels no longer supply a single sheet in the writing-rooms, but sell packets of a few sheets, two ugly picture postcards showing the hotel, and one or two envelopes, also smothered by hotel designs, for 50c. a packet. Railway tickets are heavily taxed. The Hotel Keepers' Association not long ago agreed upon a minimum price of a room at 9fr. Halls and lounges are kept gloomy in order to reduce the cost of burning electric light. Two francs a day per room is charged extra upon the bill for heating, and hot baths, of course, are rare, varying, according to the hotel, from one a week to one in ten days or a fortnight. Even postage has risen in price, the postcard for the interior being 7½c. instead of 5c., and a letter 15c. in place of the former 10c.

This list of changes might be much extended, but enough has been said to show that Switzerland is no longer the paradise for short pockets that it used to be. It is, in fact, unrecognisable. And to the general cost of living, for an English visitor drawing his money from England, must also be added his heavy loss upon the exchange. When I left last month a pound sterling was worth 23fr. Switzerland just now is a somewhat dreary and uncomfortable place to live in, and the recent evacuation of the many thousands of prisoners interned there has certainly added to this desolation, both from the natives' and residents' points of view. The blue of the jolly *poilu* and khaki of our Tommy have disappeared; Château d'Oex, Mürren, Interlaken and a dozen mountain villages are empty of them; kilts no longer swing down the streets of Montreux and Lausanne, and the gaiety of nations is no longer added to by the marvellous French heard for so many months in street and tram and shop. Those of us who in imagination just now yearn for sunny Switzerland would sympathise, after a sojourn there of a week or two, with the longings of the much reduced English colony to get back to foggy, black, rainy and expensive London. By way of compensation there is, certainly, both sun and scenery, but at a cost in cash and discomfort that seems prohibitive rather.

ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WOKING REVISITED.

A FEW days ago I came back after nearly four years' absence to a course I know very well and love very much—Woking. It is one of the oldest and most typical of those courses which have been cut of heather and fir trees. Arriving in the failing light of a warm, spring evening, I dashed out on the course to play a few shots in the dusk with only the moon to see them; and to my amazement my first footsteps on the course sank deep into soft turf, and that almost on the edge of a green. I do not think I ever realised till that moment how little golf has been played at home during war-time and how much those who have kept our courses going for us have had to contend against and that with no labour to help them.

It is not that Woking is in bad order; it is quite extraordinarily good under the circumstances, but everywhere the ground has got softer than of old because it has not been walked on, and moss, which looks so charming and is so destructive, has begun to creep in. Here and there, too, the heather which borders the course has silently pushed its outposts a little further on to the fairway, which is narrower than before; but that is a trifle. I am told, and I can well believe it, that looking at the course as it is to-day, one can have no conception of how overgrown it was only half a year ago and what a tremendous slaughtering of the rough was necessary. I suppose I must have had a hazy impression that heather kept short of its own accord. At any rate, I have it no longer, for every time I wandered from the straight path I was told, half grudgingly, half boastfully, "Six months ago you'd never have seen it again."

Before the war there were some five or six regular workers on the green, reinforced by a dozen caddies, who worked on the course whenever they were not wanted to carry clubs. Last summer the staff was reduced to two energetic and invaluable old gentlemen about seventy years old apiece, with the occasional assistance of two very minute boys. The greens were kept in order as far as possible, though parts of them were perforce allowed to go out of commission. The rest of the course had to take care of itself, and the heather and the whins and the tangled undergrowth grew so furiously that a ball off the fairway was a very, very serious catastrophe. This was the state of things when the Allies began to push successfully at the end of July. Then uprose the controlling genius of the club and said in effect, "This is the psychological moment. The war is won. We must make ready for Peace. Let every man seize a billhook." The members rose to the occasion, though it may

be said that some worked harder than others, and hacked and hewed at the heather. One prominent member of the committee made a violent attack on a pretty little clump of holly and birch lying far to the right of the tenth fairway, to be reached only by a truly terrific slice. Perhaps he had once reached it with his second and so had a grievance against it. At any rate, it is not nearly so pretty as it was. No paid labour was available, and all through the autumn the members toiled alone. About the beginning of the new year the club was lucky in getting a little military help, and small parties, skilled in the use of scythe and billhook and spurred on by the prospect of beer for their lunch, got through a great deal of work.

Now there is wonderfully little that a reasonable man could complain of; indeed, he should feel nothing but gratitude. The comparative smallness of the greens is actually, I think, a good thing. One or two used perhaps to deserve Mr. John Low's stricture as "gardens of inaccuracy." The wild approacher had too good a chance—at the fourth hole, for example—of recovering by a very long putt. The grass on those spots that were once putting greens has grown curiously coarse and matted, and here there is still work to be done. Some considerable draining work is being done on the fairway to the third hole, where the old drains have grown clogged and useless. The worm-casts always lay oddly thick on this particular place, and the re-draining of it is essential. In old days a little would have been done every year and the worms would have been kept under, but they have had five years in which to play havoc. The heathery valley in front of the second hole became a perfect quagmire and has already been successfully re-drained.

But the thing above all others that the course needs is the measured tramp of returning golfers' feet—the more of them the better. And this is probably true of nearly every course in the kingdom. A very few courses—such, for example, as St. Andrews—may have had too much play in old days. Certainly the golfer brought up on soft flattering grass where the ball lay naturally teed used to find the Fifeshire turf somewhat hard and inhospitable; and the war has probably done it good. But this was altogether an exceptional case: too much play is clearly better for a course than too little. Some of us who have no prospect of ever becoming millionaires may have dreamed at times how delightful it would be to have a course of our own for no one but ourselves and our friends to play on. Now we know that our dream was futile, and that not even our imaginary millions could have made half so good a course as the democratic trampling of many feet.

THE DEFENCE OF THE REALM

A REMINISCENCE OF WAR-TIME.

The plowers plowed upon my back; and made long furrows.

Psalm cxxix, v. 3.

IT was an eventful day for Joseph Cutler, an old inhabitant of the once notorious village of Great Horwood, Bucks, when he was summoned before the local Bench of Magistrates, under D.O.R.A., for having wilfully and negligently failed to cultivate his land in accordance with the Bucks County Executive Committee's instructions. The comfortable motor landaulette which drew up at the Court house door having duly discharged its occupants—the Solicitor to the Bucks County Executive, the Secretary, the Chief Executive Officer, and the Land Inspector—all was in readiness, and it only needed the personal attendance of the Chairman of the County Executive Committee, to have had the battle in full review order.

Everything went as smoothly as oil in the well ordered Court. Their worships having taken their seats, and the decrepit old defendant having ambled up to the Bar, the clerk read over the charge to Joseph Cutler, translating the legal verbiage into more intelligible language, and explaining to him that he was charged with having wilfully neglected to cultivate his land according to the express direction of the lawfully constituted authority, the Bucks County Executive.

To which the unrepentant Joseph replied that he was Not Guilty. Forthwith the solicitor sprang to his feet and, untying a bundle of formidable-looking documents, carefully secured by red tape, proceeded in perfect manner, and with the utmost fairness, to unfold to their worships the story of Joseph's enormities. He detailed with commendable clearness the barefaced way in which Joseph had openly defied the august body he represented, and in view of the paramount necessity of everyone in these times doing their utmost to

increase the food supply of the nation, he informed the Bench that it was his duty to ask them to inflict such a penalty on Joseph as would effectually punish him for his default, and at the same time act as a deterrent to other evil-doers. He added that their worships were doubtless aware the penalty Joseph had rendered himself liable to was a fine of one hundred pounds, six months' imprisonment with hard labour, or both.

The Chief Executive Officer then entered the witness-box, and produced a document from the Board of Agriculture, sealed with the great butter-pat seal of the Department, authorising the Bucks County Executive Committee to prosecute the said Joseph Cutler for his outrageous disregard of the regulations for the Defence of the Realm.

The Secretary glibly proved the despatch of the formal notices to Joseph by registered post, and informed the Court that his several communications had been entirely ignored, and that Joseph had never approached his Committee, or paid any attention to their orders.

The Clerk to the Magistrates thereupon blandly interposed the question that had any offer of help or assistance been made by the Bucks County Executive Committee to the defendant, and, to use the familiar expression, the answer was in the negative.

At this admission the Bench appeared pained, and took counsel together.

Lastly, the Land Inspector to the Executive Committee gave evidence, and informed the Bench that he had visited Joseph Cutler's holding, to observe the cultivation, or lack of it, on no less than five occasions, covering a period of eight months, and testified that the land was derelict, and appeared mainly occupied by hens. He had never seen Joseph when on his inspections, and had therefore not given him the benefit of his observations.

Thereupon the Clerk asked Joseph if he had any questions to put to this witness? To which Joseph retorted, "Did you come here to tell the truth?"

The Solicitor having gravely observed that "This is the case for the prosecution, your worships," Joseph elected to give evidence on his own behalf. He explained to the Court that his land in respect of which he was summoned was of the entire area of 38 poles (*somewhat less than a quarter of an acre*), that it had long since fallen out of cultivation, as his neighbours, who had assisted him to dig it heretofore, had all gone to the wars. Being seventy-four years of age, and badly ruptured, he was quite unable to tackle it himself, and what little strength he had he expended on his garden. He thought that he was making the best possible use of this rough bit of land by employing it for his fruit trees, and his thirty-two hens, which materially helped him to eke out his scanty sustenance.

The Magistrates, well versed in what Hamlet termed "the quilllets and quiddities of the Law," straightway informed Joseph that in their opinion he had committed a technical offence, but added that they were surprised that no help had been offered him by the Committee, and that the Land Inspector had not made a point of seeing him upon one of his many visits, and giving him advice. Accordingly, they would mark their disapproval by only imposing on him a fine of half-a-crown,

instead of a hundred pounds, and should deprive the County Executive Committee of their costs.

But, like Simple Simon, when it came to paying, Joseph had not a penny, and the merciful Bench allowed him time to collect the money, instead of committing him forthwith to the County Gaol, in default of payment.

A man who farms less than a quarter of an acre has not much surplus cash, and at the best, the return from the "land" he had failed to cultivate is an uncertain factor, thus the leniency of the Magistrates was not misplaced.

So the motor rolled away, with the Solicitor to the Bucks County Executive Committee, the Secretary, the Chief Executive Officer, and the Land Inspector; and though the day was theirs, and Joseph was convicted, the County Executive Committee could claim little more than a "Pyrrhic victory." The mountains of officialdom had been in labour, and Joseph's half-crown was the ridiculous result . . . and then the costs!

It is excellent.

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

ON Monday next the Jockey Club's season of racing in 1919 opens at Lincoln. The place has been unvisited by racehorses since 1915 when View Law won the Lincolnshire Handicap. No one needs to be reminded of what has been happening in the interval. The Carlholme at Lincoln, on which the races are decided has been used for stern purposes since View Law galloped home a winner, and the fact that racing folk will once again be back there to launch a campaign of quite another sort is of itself gratifying for all that it signifies. There is naturally some curiosity to note how the resumption will be made, whether to the accompaniment of such immense crowds as have been gathering to watch National Hunt racing and whether the actual racing will show any serious indications of having suffered from the buffetings and restrictions imposed by long-drawn-out years of war. The probabilities are that the crowds both at Lincoln and at Liverpool next week (especially at the latter place) will be formidable, but that the racing will suffer from lack of numbers in the events for older horses. We know that the Lincolnshire Handicap only attracted a very small entry by comparison with what was the average of pre-war days, while it is quite certain that several other events have only just succeeded in establishing their places in the three days' programme.

All associated with Lord Derby's horse are very confident that Hainault will win for our Ambassador in Paris. Ever since the weights were published this horse has been a sound favourite, and unless anything happens to him in the interval he should still be in the position by the time these notes are published. Naturally, he is a horse of some note, or the handicapper would not have placed him at the top of the handicap. And yet his career is not a specially distinguished one. One therefore arrives at the conclusion that those lower in the handicap are extremely moderate claimants to Lincolnshire Handicap honours. Let me discuss very briefly his possible opponents. The four year olds Polyscope, Somme Kiss and Rivershore might seem to threaten danger were they known to be at their best. But Polyscope is not likely to run, Rivershore does not seem to be seriously fancied, and we should not be in doubt on the point as Mr. S. B. Joel likes to bet substantially; while Somme Kiss is not an easy horse to train on such soaked gallops as have been experienced lately. He is suspected of having a faulty back tendon, and the fact does not give confidence. Apart from that, it would have seemed quite reasonable that a four year old which had finished second for the Two Thousand Guineas and had won the Newmarket Stakes in his previous season's racing would surely beat a horse like Hainault at an advantage of 9lb.

As to those lower in the handicap, speculation on the race points unmistakably to Arion, Helion and Royal Bucks being most fancied. The first named of this trio belongs to the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Jersey, and he is fancied now because of a very prominent show for the last Canbridgeshire. He may not be an ideal horse for a light weight, as he is rather a big fellow and must require skilful and strong handling, but his trainer believes in him, and that being so, why should not "the man in the street"—in other words, the looker-on who is interested in finding the winner? Helion was sold out of Lord Carnarvon's stable, and one cannot quite conceive of that gentleman's trainer letting go a Lincolnshire Handicap winner for a few hundred sovereigns. But, of course, this view must be tempered by the fact of the comparatively poor entry and the greater opportunity

afforded to moderate animals in the race. Here again owner and trainer make no secret of their belief in this horse's ability to win.

The same confidence obtains where Royal Bucks is concerned. This rivalry is exceedingly healthy and makes for interest in the race. In the case of Royal Bucks it must be admitted that he went right through last season without winning a single race, but he was nevertheless always running prominently and was rarely kept out of a place in good class company. I am assured, too, that he is very forward in condition, and this is the factor which seems to dominate the situation where this early-in-the-season race is concerned. All other things being equal the fittest horse should win, and it is for this reason I expect one of the lightweights in Royal Bucks or Helion to prevail. I may add that Verdun and Athdara are reported to be fancied, and it is even said that the latter, once reported a rogue and bad tempered, is now a reformed character and a very likely winner.

What is there to beat Poethlyn for the Grand National? True, another competitor may blunder and bring him down, but providing he steers clear of diabolical ill luck of that kind he looks almost as certain as anything can be to win next week. Until I saw the horse out and performing during recent weeks I confess to having been prejudiced against him. I recalled him from a year ago as rather a flat-sided, narrow specimen of a steeplechaser, and I could not believe that he had the physique to win a Grand National under 12st. 7lb. But seeing is believing in racing, and nothing could have been more convincing than his consistency in winning and his capacity to accomplish everything so far asked of him. The way he won his last race at Gatwick was most impressive, and I would not dream of suggesting that any of the poor crowd in the race this year have any serious pretensions of beating him.

Having won in 1915, Ally Sloper is naturally a fancy of many people now, but where Poethlyn is brilliant this one is merely a plodder. He is not expected to fall; but neither is Poethlyn. And if they were both together at the last fence, which would you back? Indeed, were there no fences at all, I think Poethlyn would account for all this lot in a simple test of endurance over four miles and a half of steady galloping. Among others in the race I can find no serious grounds for apprehending danger to the favourite. Captain Dreyfus is a little bit too dashing and impetuous for this sobering ordeal, but I can imagine that the Irish candidate Ballyboggan, Pollen, Ballincarroona and Schoolmoney would enlist some sort of a following. Ballyboggan, for instance, is thought a good deal of by the Irish contingent, who may as usual come over in force; Pollen and Ballincarroona are perfect jumpers, and there is a growing notion that Pollen, as I suggested was the case in a recent issue, is really a better horse over a long course than at two miles. It is stated that Ballincarroona may go instead for the Champion Steeplechase, as his owner cannot do the weight in the bigger event. A win for Captain Straker on his own horse at Aintree would be a most popular incident, so that no one could blame him for having a cut in for the Champion Steeplechase. There are possibilities about a lightly weighted horse like Schoolmoney, but there is not much of him. Still, what there is beyond doubt, is all grit and courage. However, it should be fairly clear from what I have written that Poethlyn, bar accidents, should certainly win the Grand National of 1919.

Last week I stated that Mr. Whinnerah, the well-known judge of shire horses, had died. I hasten to correct an unfortunate error and say that it was Mr. Whinnerah's brother who has died after a long illness.

PHILLIPPOS.